

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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From The Belgravia.
BROKEN TRYST.

It was that time in spring when the first morn
Moves the moist shadows from the earth, and
birds

Reveille sing, for silent night is borne
By the slow hours away; when waking herds
First haunt the fields; what time the wayward
bee

Bears balmy wealth from bloom on lawn and lea,
and man again his loins to labour girds.

In yon old tower, whose craggy base the sea
Wets daily, stood a lord of many lands,
Full armed; and round him, sanken on one knee,
A maiden bound a scarf with fearful hands —
A silk white scarf with cross of gold — as fair
Was her white brow and fall of golden hair;
And he looked down, well pleased with such
dear bands.

Her lover, since he first her eyes had seen;
For love lurked in those dreaming eyes, which
made

His midnight noon, and ever since had been
The lode-star of his life. He long had prayed
To seek some knightly service for her sake;
But what strong Fate a whiter sun could make
Than that which shone when by her side he
stayed?

She knelt on this, his mother on that side
Wood, for at last his foolish quest he won;
His mother, who that quest had long denied,
Gazing with clasped hands on her only son,
Thought, "After, a sweet life and free from care
Is theirs." But who to praise a day shall dare,
Or call it happy, ere that day be done?

His arms shone rosy red, by that young light
Which faintly through the latticed oriel fell
Illumined: round him many a storied fight
Worked in old tapestry was there, to tell
His father's fame in azure, green, and gold,
Worked by small fingers, idle long and cold —
As cold as those he clasped to say "Fare-
well."

Thrice in the midst the sad sound broken died,
As though some inner warning urged "For-
bear."

Yet firm he thrust the oaken door aside,
And firm he passed adown the winding stair,
And firm he crossed the moat — of widened eyes
The mark, men bowed, and maids dropped cour-
tesies —
And so at last into the larger air.

But then, "Alone," he cried, "at last alone!"
And let his face change with his thought; the
while
Fronting the rising sun he rode, all blown

By the sea-wind, and sometimes a faint smile
Stole over him with dream of tourney's prize;
And then this shadow fell athwart his eyes,
"I shall be distant from her many a mile."

And now the one full star, which measures time
For mortals here, through every house had
been;

And now once more the world was in its prime,
And hill and vale once more were wrapt in
green.

And for that day he promised to return,
She waited till all stars began to burn,
And round the battlements the wind blew keen.

Night, which makes glad the shepherd's heart
was gone,

And yet he came not; and dim morning rose,
And yet she watched on that high tower alone
For him, who, turning his brave breast to foes,
Had turned his back on love, from stars to sun,
And still from sun to stars; till one by one

Her hopes fell like dead leaves at autumn's
close.

For she from prime to even-song had fed
Her hungry heart with hopes of the fireside;
Imagined all, and to herself oft said,
Hearing the distant murmur of the tide,
"He comes!" and ere the lark had left the lea,
The first faint flush of morning seemed to be
The dear gleam of his arms so long denied.

But on the path he trod tall grass shall grow,
And flame shall freeze, and snow and ice shall
burn,
And midday heaven with myriad stars shall
glow

As in midnight, before he may return;
Before in this low world she hear again
The voice which always solaced all her pain,
His voice, who lies half hid by weeds and fern.

Struck by the lightning's ruddy shaft he lies,
While she waits for him; but his brows are
cold.

The moaning thunder in the distance dies,
And birds again their woodland council hold;
Churls leave their shelter under neighbouring
trees,

Comes summer murmuring once more of bees,
Dank flowers their beauties to the sun unfold.

Only the strongest oak, the tallest tree
Throws out its wide arms to the winds no
more;

And under it, as motionless, lies he
Who the red cross and snowy silk scarf bore.
From time to time his furbished arms, which
gleam

Touched by the sunlight or the moon's white
beam,
Startle the hare which burrowed there before.

JAMES MEW.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

THREE LECTURES.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

LECTURE III.

In my two former lectures I have striven to set before you the plain facts of the origin and early history of the English nation. We are a Low-Dutch people, who left our old home in the course of the fifth and sixth centuries, and found ourselves a new home by conquest in the Isle of Britain. That island, lately a Roman province, had been a short time before left to itself, and was in a state of utter anarchy and disorganization. Its invaders were invaders of a different kind from the other Teutonic settlers in the Empire. While the conquerors of the continental provinces had all been brought more or less under Roman and Christian influences, the Angles and Saxons still remained in their old barbarism and their old heathenism. On the other hand, the withdrawal of the Roman power from Britain had of itself awakened strictly national feelings, and a spirit of national resistance, such as did not exist elsewhere. From these two differences, above all others, arose a wide difference between the Teutonic Conquest of Britain and the Teutonic conquests on the Continent. On the Continent the settlement was speedy; it met with little resistance, with no strictly national resistance; it involved comparatively little change beyond the transfer of political power; the conquered were neither slain, driven out, nor enslaved; they retained their laws and a fixed share of their possessions; the conquerors gradually adopted the language and the religion of the conquered, and in the course of centuries they were absorbed into their greater mass. In Britain on the other hand the conquest was an affair of centuries; the invaders everywhere met with a resolute national resistance; the land was won bit by bit by hard fighting, and the periods of success on the part of the conquerors alternated with times of reverse during which the work of conquest stood still. In the end the laws, the arts, the language, the creed, of the conquered people were swept away; the conquerors retained their own laws and language, and though they at last embraced the same re-

ligion as the conquered, yet it was not from the conquered that they embraced it. They embraced it moreover in a form so far differing from the religion of the conquered as to awaken sectarian disputes from the very beginning. These are the simple facts of history, facts which no one who has ordinary historical knowledge and insight will dispute. The question is only as to the inference to be drawn from the facts. Am I or am I not justified in inferring from those facts that the English of the nineteenth century are essentially the descendants of the English of the fifth and sixth centuries—that the population which they found in the land which they conquered was for the most part killed or driven out—that such remnants of them as survived, and such other strangers as have since made either warlike or peaceful settlements among us, have been simply absorbed into the greater English mass? Am I or am I not justified in inferring, that, though our blood is not absolutely unmixed, yet it is not more mixed than the blood of other nations; that the Englishman of the nineteenth century as truly represents, and is as probably descended from, the Englishman of the sixth century, as the Briton, the Dane, or the High-German of the nineteenth century represents and is descended from the Briton, the Dane, or the High-German of the sixth?

That is my position. I have already given the evidence for it; not every scrap of evidence which I could bring in a work to be pored over in the closet, but that broad and simple kind of evidence which is best suited to come home to the minds of a popular audience. I have brought evidence enough, I think, to do what I hold to be the great object of lectures of this kind, to set you reading and thinking for yourselves. It is now time to look, in the same rough and general way in which alone we can look, at some of the arguments which are brought on the other side. There are writers who, not out of mere ignorance, not out of a mere slip of the tongue, assert that the English people are not mainly descended from the Teutons who conquered Britain, but from the Britons whom they conquered. In a word they tell us that Englishmen are not Englishmen, but that they are something else.

I put the proposition purposely in this broad shape, because I know it is a shape which the holders of the doctrine of which I speak would at once reject. If there are any holders of that doctrine in this room, they need not trouble themselves to get up and protest; I can do the protesting for them; I know exactly what they wish to say. They wish to say that they do not maintain any such monstrous doctrine as that Englishmen are not Englishmen, but something else; what they maintain is that Englishmen are not wholly or chiefly *Anglo-Saxons*. I think I have now at least put it pretty fairly. But I thought it right to put it the other way too, because I really believe that most of the controversy and confusion on the subject is owing to nothing in the world but mere confusion and carelessness as to nomenclature. You will say that nomenclature is my hobby; and so it is. But it has become my hobby because long study and experience has shown me its paramount importance; because I know that ideas and the names of those ideas always influence one another, and that clear ideas and a confused nomenclature never can exist together. I would ask objectors what they mean by *Anglo-Saxons*. I know what I mean by it. *Anglo-Saxon* is a word which I very seldom use, because it is of all words the most likely to be misunderstood; but it is in itself a perfectly good word and has a perfectly good meaning. It is often used in the charters, the public documents, of the tenth and eleventh centuries, but it is not often used except in public documents. It is seldom used except in the royal title, where we often find the King called "King of the Anglo-Saxons." This means simply King of the *Angles and Saxons*, King of the nation formed by an union of Angles and Saxons. *Rex Anglo-Saxonum* is simply a short way of saying *Rex Anglorum et Saxonum*. And King of the Angles and Saxons is of course a fuller and more correct title than King of the Angles or English alone. But, as a matter of fact, after the Teutonic states in Britain had been fused into one kingdom, though "Anglo-Saxons" was doubtless the more correct and solemn description, "Angli," "English," was the one commonly used, while "Saxon" was never used as the name of the

united nation. But remember that *Anglo-Saxon* does not mean *Saxons in England* as distinguished from Saxons somewhere else; it does not mean people who lived before 1066 as distinguished from people who lived afterwards. It is simply a shorter way of saying "Angles and Saxons," and a shorter way still is saying "English." In short, "English" and "Anglo-Saxon" are words which mean exactly the same thing, and to say that Englishmen are not Anglo-Saxons is exactly the same thing as saying that Englishmen are not Englishmen.

When men speak in this way, what they really mean is one or both of two very different things, which they generally contrive to confuse together. We say that the English are Teutons, speaking a Teutonic language; that they are the same people, speaking the same language, as when they came to Britain in the fifth century, allowing only for those changes in language and everything else which cannot fail to happen in fourteen hundred years. Then they say, "Oh but the English are not the Anglo-Saxons." By this they mean one or both of two things, either of which may be true or false, but which have nothing to do with one another. Sometimes they mean that the English language has changed so much, chiefly through causes which are the result of the Norman Conquest, that it has become another language, and that it is not right to call modern English by the same name as Old-English. The old form they call Anglo-Saxon, and the people who spoke it Anglo-Saxons; the new form they call English, and the people who speak it Englishmen. This objection, you will at once see, has nothing to do with anything which happened before the Norman Conquest. It is consistent with believing that the people whom the Normans found here were of the purest Teutonic blood and spoke the purest Teutonic language. The other proposition is that the people whom the Normans found in England were not a Teutonic, but mainly a Celtic people, a Celtic people of course who had learned to speak Teutonic. Now this objection has nothing to do with anything which happened after the Norman Conquest. It is consistent with believing in the most perfect identity in blood and speech and everything else between the Englishman of

the nineteenth century and the Englishman of the eleventh. Only it affirms that neither the one nor the other has any right to be called Teutonic. Now you will see that these two propositions have absolutely nothing to do with one another. You may believe or disbelieve either, or neither, or both, without one having the slightest influence on the other. But I can see that the two are often unconsciously mixed up together in the minds of those who will not accept the identity of the English of the nineteenth century with the English in the fifth. Of both these doctrines I must say a little, but I need not say nearly so much about the first as about the second. The first is in some sort a question of words; it is hardly a question of facts, except so far as words themselves are facts. Our language, as I have already said, has greatly changed in the space of eight hundred years. It has changed so much that the English of eight hundred years back is at first sight or hearing unintelligible. In this however I would remind you that English in no way differs from other languages; the language spoken in any other part of Europe eight hundred years back is at first sight or hearing unintelligible to those who know only its modern form. If any one chooses to call this a difference of language, it is simply a question of words. If any one chooses to call the later form English and the older form Anglo-Saxon, he is using what I think is a very confused and misleading nomenclature, but he is not necessarily saying anything which is incorrect in point of fact. The objection to this way of speaking is mainly this. It leads men to confound one sort of change with quite another sort of change. If we allow ourselves to talk of English and Anglo-Saxon as two different languages, we shall almost be sure to confound their relations to one another with quite a different sort of relations. One often sees such expressions as that a modern English word is *derived* from the Anglo-Saxon, while another modern English word is derived from the Latin or some other foreign language. The word *derived* is here used in two quite different senses. A Romance word in modern use, the word *derived* itself or any other, may be strictly said to be derived from the Latin. That is to say,

it was not our own word; it was borrowed, it was adopted, from some other language; there was a time when it was not in use and when it would have been looked upon as a purely foreign word. There must have been, if we could only find him out, some one man who brought it in as a novelty, and some particular day when he used it for the first time. But the old words which have always been in use, the words which English has in common with other Teutonic languages, *house* and *child* and *man* and *father* and *mother* and so forth, cannot be said to be *derived* from anything. They have always been in use; the utmost change that has happened to them is some small change in spelling or perhaps in sound. The modern forms cannot be said to be derived from the older forms, any more than a man can be said to be derived from himself when he was some years younger. So again I have seen such phrases as "the Anglo-Saxon language giving way to the English, or being exchanged for the English." Now these expressions are perfectly correct when they are applied to cases in which one language really displaces another. Thus English has displaced Welsh as the language of Cornwall. That is to say, people left off speaking Welsh and took to speaking English, there being of course an intermediate stage when most people spoke both languages. The English language, as a ready made whole, displaced the Welsh language as another whole. But there was no time when men in England left off talking one language called Anglo-Saxon and took to talking another language called English. There was no time when one man could have said to another, "I speak English and you speak Anglo-Saxon." But there was a time when one man in Cornwall could have said to another, "I speak English and you speak Welsh." The difference between Anglo-Saxon, or Old-English, or whatever we call it, and the English which we speak now, is not a difference between one language and another, any more than the difference between a man when he is young and the same man when he is old is the difference between one man and another. The change has been very great, but it has not been the displacement of one language by another, but a change within the lan-

guage itself. It is therefore better and clearer to speak of it as one language throughout, and to call it throughout by that one name by which it has always been called by those who spoke it.

Still, a man may choose to say that the changes which have happened in the English language during the last eight hundred years, the loss of inflexions and the infusion of Romance words into the vocabulary, have gone so far that he thinks it best to speak of it as another language. He may even, though I cannot conceive any reason for doing so, think good to call the older speech Anglo-Saxon and the later speech English. If so, it is only his nomenclature that I quarrel with. He may himself be perfectly right in all his facts, though he uses a nomenclature which is certain to lead other people wrong. The other objection, the objection that the English people, say in the ninth, tenth, or eleventh century, were not a Teutonic people, involves still graver errors. People who speak in this way are not merely calling right facts by wrong names; they are utterly wrong in the facts themselves. I put it to the sense of those who heard my last lecture. Is it possible that the differences which I then pointed out between the English Conquest of Britain and the other Teutonic conquests can be consistent with the belief that the English, whether of the ninth or of the nineteenth century, are simply Celts more or less Teutonized? I appeal to the evidence of your own tongues and your own ears. Do you speak Welsh? do you speak Latin? I trow not; whatever tongues we may have learned since, we learned English and nothing else from our mothers and nurses. There is the great fact of fourteen hundred years; a very simple fact, but a very great one. We do not speak Welsh or Latin, but we do speak English. And those who carry opposition to my views to the furthest point, will not deny that English is even now more Teutonic than anything else; they will not deny that a thousand years back it was almost wholly Teutonic. Now the presumption is that people using a Teutonic speech are a Teutonic people. Do not misunderstand me; I do not say that the fact that a people uses a Teutonic speech is a *proof* that they are a Teutonic people; I only say that it is a *presumption* that they are so. I mean that we may assume them to be Teutonic, unless somebody can show that they are not. I am not bound to prove that the English, say of the ninth century, were a Teutonic people, any more than I am bound to prove that the Welsh of the same age were a Celtic people. I accept both facts on the strength

of the presumption of language till somebody proves that they were something else. If a man says that the English of the ninth century were not Teutonic, he must be ready to show what they were, and how it came to pass that they exchanged their own language, whatever it was, for a Teutonic language. The answer is of course ready, "Oh, the Britons, when conquered by the Angles and Saxons, adopted their language, as many other nations have adopted the languages of other nations." I ask for proof: I ask for a parallel. It is true that nations have often adopted the languages of other nations. They have sometimes adopted the language of those whom they have conquered; they have sometimes adopted the language of those who have conquered them. But this has always been under circumstances widely different from anything which can be conceived as happening at the English Conquest of Britain. Take for instance the language of Rome herself. Latin became throughout the whole Roman Empire the speech of government, law, and military discipline. And in a large part of the Empire it became also the speech of common life. It became the speech of common life wherever the Roman conqueror came also as a teacher and a civilizer, wherever the sway of Rome was not a mere sway of power, but a sway which carried with it a marked improvement upon the earlier state of things. The living tongues of Gaul, Spain, and Dacia show how complete was the conquest made by the Latin speech wherever it had to struggle only against languages less formed and cultivated than itself. But wherever the Greek tongue had taken hold, whether through original Hellenic descent, through Greek colonization, or through Macedonian conquest, there Latin strove in vain against the speech which set the model to its own literature. Not only did Greek hold its own in all the Hellenic and Hellenized provinces; it went far to displace Latin as the tongue of polite intercourse among Latin-speaking people themselves. Roman Emperors wrote their philosophical works in the tongue of their Greek subjects; no Greek philosopher ever stooped to write his works in the tongue of his Roman master. Greek, Latin, Arabic, have displaced a vast number of earlier tongues in Europe, Asia, and Africa. They displaced the earlier tongues wherever the Greek, Roman, or Saracenic conqueror was decidedly the superior in arts as well as arms of the nations which he overcame. But the ancient tongues of Syria and Egypt have lived through all three conquests. Each is now the speech only of a small rem-

nant, because only a small remnant of the nation survives; but so far as the nation exists, its speech has not been displaced. So the Teutonic conquests of Gaul, Spain, and Italy failed to displace Latin; the Turkish conquest of south-eastern Europe has failed to displace Greek, Slavonic, Albanian, and the Latin of Dacia; the might of Russia has striven in vain to get rid of Polish, German, and Swedish in their conquered territories. But on the other hand German, High and Low, has displaced Slavonic as the speech of large populations on the eastern frontier of Germany, because the German came among the Slaves, not only as a conqueror, but as the teacher of a higher civilization and a purer religion, as the missionary alike of Rome's Cæsar and of Rome's Pontiff. So the tongues of the various colonizing nations of Europe, English and Spanish above all, have displaced the original tongues of countless barbarous nations in their several colonial empires. The law seems to be an universal one; in a case of mere conquest, mere settlement, where the conquered are simply politically subdued and are not further disturbed, the speech of the higher civilization, whether that of the conquerors or of the conquered, is sure to triumph. Where there is no very marked difference in point of civilization, the language of the conquered, as the language of the greater number, will probably triumph. Take for instance our own conquest by the Normans. There was no overwhelming superiority on either side; Norman and Englishman had each something to learn of the other; the final result was that the greater English mass absorbed the smaller Norman mass, and that the English tongue, though a good deal modified by the struggle, did in the end win back its old place from the French. No instance can be shown in which a small body of conquerors, settling among a people more civilized than themselves, communicated their own language to them. If the English people were mainly of Celtic descent, if the Angles and Saxons had been simply a small body, settling among the conquered and at most forming an aristocracy among them — had the English Conquest, in short, been only such a conquest as the Frankish conquest of Gaul or the Norman Conquest of England — we may set it down as absolutely certain that the speech of the conquered would have triumphed in the end, and that we should now be speaking, not a Teutonic, but a Romance or, far more probably, a Celtic language. Under the circumstances of the English Conquest, the displacement of language be-

yond all doubt implies the displacement of those who spoke it. That is to say, the English Conquest, during its heathen stage, was a conquest of extermination, so far as that name can be applied to any conquest at all.

Ingenious men go on further to tell us that, after all, purely Teutonic as the oldest form of English seems to be, there is a large Celtic and Latin element mingling with it. Again I repeat, no language ever kept its vocabulary perfectly pure. If the English, settling themselves in a country where Celtic and Latin had been spoken, had not adopted a single Celtic or Latin word; that assuredly would have been the marvel, and not the other way. There is not a single European colony, not even those who have been most diligent in extirpating the native inhabitants, who have not picked up a word or two from them before their destruction was quite finished. From India and China, where we appear as conquerors and traders, not as mere destroyers, we pick up more words. A few Celtic words made their way into Latin; a few Latin words made their way into Greek. When two nations come into contact, whether as friends or as enemies, each will always borrow a few words from the other. The words adopted will be words expressing something specially belonging to the people from whom they are borrowed; words like *tea*, *shawl*, and *scash*, which seem familiar enough now, are neither Teutonic, Celtic, nor Latin, but come from the tongues of the different Eastern nations from which we first got the things. So the word *basket*, there can be no manner of doubt, is a Celtic word, and it has found its way from the Celtic both into Latin and into English. I am not master of the antiquities of basket-making, but I conceive that there must have been some special merit about the Celtic baskets which commended them, name and thing, to the adoption of two distinct sets of conquerors. But the integrity of a language, Latin, English, or any other, is not touched by taking in a few stray guests of this kind. Let us see what the Celtic and Latin element in the earliest English really is. Let us look first at the local nomenclature. We have been triumphantly asked whether, if the English people had been purely Teutonic, Celtic names like Kent, Bernicia, Deornarice or Deira, would have become the names of English kingdoms. I am standing here in Deira, and I do not think that I have around me an assembly of Welshmen. It is possible there may be among my hearers some citizen of Massachusetts or Connecticut. Does

he look on himself as a Red Indian? Yet if the fact that a few Old-English kingdoms retained native names proves that they retained a native population, exactly the same argument will apply to the New-English States which in the like sort have retained native names.

And we may mark that in neither case can the retention of native names be called the rule. Among the Old-English kingdoms and principalities, as among the thirteen original States of the American Union, the native names are quite the exception. Names of natural objects also often retain their names; it is in the nature of things that they should. There could have been no conceivable motive for giving new names either to the Thames and the Severn or to the Mississippi and the Susquehanna. Great cities again also often kept their names in a more or less modified shape. And along with the proper names, a few other words crept in. A few Latin words crept in from the beginning. The most remarkable historically are *street* and *chester*. A *street* is strictly a paved way, the *strata via* of the Romans, and the name was applied to the great Roman roads, the Watling Street and the rest. We may be sure that our fathers had seen no such roads in their own land, and they naturally called the new thing by its native name, just as we now call anything new to us in India or any other country by its native name. So with *chester*, the older form being *ceaster* from *castrum*. The Roman city had sprung out of the Roman camp, and camp and city were alike new things to men who looked on stone walls as a prison. The purely Roman object kept its purely Roman name; men spoke of a *ceaster* then, just as in New Zealand now they speak of a *pah*. How strange the notion of a fortified city was is shown by the way in which the word *ceaster* was added to the old names of places; Gloucester, Manchester, Doncaster, and a crowd of other places are called from the old Roman or British name with *ceaster* added to it. Sometimes an English word is added, as London is sometimes called *Lundenwic* and *Lundenbyrig*; but I know of no case where *ceaster* is added to a name of English origin. The lists of Latin words in Old-English which are given in books written on the other side commonly carry their own confusion with them. Some of them are absolutely off the point, not being words derived from Latin at all, but simply Aryan words which have been preserved both in Latin and in English. Some are ecclesiastical words. Is it very wonderful that words like *Angel*, *Bishop*, *Mass*, and

the like, words expressing ideas for which our forefathers could not have had names while they were heathens, crept from Latin into English, as most of them had already crept from Greek into Latin. The wonder is that our forefathers translated so many ecclesiastical words as they did. We still call the Paschal feast by the heathen name of *Easter*, and the Lord's Day, the *dies dominica*, the *dimanche*, is still with us a heathen *Sunday*. We now talk of *baptize* and *baptism*, but, as our High-Dutch kinsfolk still say, *taufen*, to *dip*, our forefathers spoke of *fullian* and *fulluht*, lost words, but of which we still keep a cognate in the name of the *fuller's* trade, the trade of washing and cleansing. So in the old translation of the Gospel, the name Jesus, the Saviour, appears always as the *Hælend*, the healer. The other words, words which seem to have been largely gleaned from glossaries, and most of which do not meet us every day in our Chronicles, are almost wholly names of objects, fruits, utensils, weights and measures, the things which one language is always borrowing from another. Is it wonderful that we borrowed names like *cherry* and *chest* in *chestnut* from the Latin, when the Latin names themselves are not originally Latin at all, but are Greek names formed from the places in Greece and Asia from which the Romans got those fruits first of all? Men then spoke of pears and cherries and chestnuts, just as we now speak of guava and mangoes, and dozens of other names of the kind. It is still to be shown that any of the words which form the real essence of our ancient speech come from a Latin source.

The truth is that the words of this kind which thus naturally crept into our tongue are the exceptions which prove the rule. Our fathers picked up new words to express new ideas just as we do now, but such new words do not in either case affect the essence of the language, and do not prove any large intermixture of blood. If there was any such large intermixture of blood, if the English were not Teutonic but Teutonized Celts, a Celtic people with at most a Teutonic aristocracy, how is the displacement of language to be accounted for? how is the utter gap to be accounted for, which, as I showed in my last lecture, divides the period before the English Conquest from the period after it? How is it that, with one important exception that I shall presently speak of, we have so few references to the existence of any British population within the English borders, and that when we do find such references, they are always spoken of as a distinct people,

not as forming the mass of the English population? What became of the speech, the laws, and the religion of the Roman province? If the English Conquest of Britain had been no more than one of the contemporary continental conquests or than the Norman Conquest of England, they would doubtless have survived. And ingenious men have tried to show that they did survive. Here comes the difficulty of popular lectures of this kind. When an objection takes the form of a long series of minute assertions, which can be refuted only by a series of equally minute answers, it is impossible to deal adequately with the matter before a large audience, and yet, if one leaves it alone, one seems to be shirking difficulties. I can only say that I cannot see any sign of Roman influence in our early institutions. I see striking analogies—I have myself in my published works pointed out some of them—between old Teutonic institutions and the institutions of other Aryan nations, Italian, Greek, and others. But of any direct influence of the Roman Law I can see no trace. I cannot see a single office, a single name, a single legal process, a single constitutional principle, which can be really proved to have been handed on from the Roman or the Briton to his Teutonic conqueror. I see plenty of such on the Continent; I can see none in Britain. We are told, for instance, that our municipal institutions are of Roman origin. I ask for the proof, and I cannot get it. At most I get analogies, and not very strong analogies. Let us again compare the island and the continent. When I look on the Capitol of Toulouse, when I find the old title of the magistracy of the city to have been "*Octoviri Capitolini*;" when I go to Alby and find inscriptions recording the acts of her Consuls down to the great French Revolution, I feel that I am truly on Roman ground, that I am in a city where Roman traditions had never died out. But no such feeling is awakened by such purely Teutonic officers as the Portreeves,* the Aldermen, the Lawmen, of London, York, and Lincoln. The Mayor, I need not say, is, by that title, a French importation; so is the Bailiff. There was a Mayor, too, at Alby; and in the very inscriptions which I am thinking of, the French Mayor is coupled with the Roman Consuls exactly as the Mayor of any English town is coupled with the Teutonic Aldermen. The title of Al-

derman, the oldest, and once the highest, title in the English tongue, is a happy instance of true analogy, which may possibly have been turned into false derivation. In an early state of society, age implies rule, and rule implies age. Words therefore which at first simply meant old men have come in various languages to mean rulers and magistrates of different degrees. The Aldermen of England answer thoroughly to the *Senators* of Rome; they answer no less thoroughly to the *Gerontes* of Sparta. The analogy, as an analogy, is delightful, but it is only an analogy. A like state of things, among three kindred nations, produced a like result. But when we ask for direct evidence, there is just as much to show that our municipal institutions were derived from Sparta as there is to show that they were derived from Rome.

But it is certain that we have in our ancient writers notices which imply the existence of Britons within the English frontier long after the English Conquest. Let us see what hints they give us as to the position of these Britons, and whether they at all fall in with the belief that Britons with a certain Teutonic whitewash upon them formed the mass of the English population. It is almost startling to find, in the local history of Ramsey, a perfectly incidental expression of one of the actors in the story, implying the possibility of an attack by British robbers in the days of Cnut. No one would have fancied that, in Huntingdonshire in the eleventh century, there could have been any danger from robbers of that nation at all events. It is of course possible to argue that a mere incidental notice of this kind is not authority enough to make us believe so unlikely a fact. But it is just because the fact is so unlikely, because the notice is so incidental, that I am inclined to think that there must be something in it. Still, if we accept the story, let us accept it as proving what it does prove and not as proving something else. Of all things in the world that which it goes the least way towards proving is that the people of Huntingdonshire in the eleventh century were mainly of Celtic descent. It is strange to hear of British robbers in that country so many hundred years after the original conquest. But the fact, if it be a fact, that there were in Huntingdonshire men distinguished as Britons shows most distinctly that they were something distinct from the mass of the people of Huntingdonshire, and consequently that the mass of the people of Huntingdonshire were not Britons. It is certainly passing strange if a detached body of Welshmen could maintain themselves so

* In the word *Portreeve* (*Portgerefa*) the first syllable is doubtless of Latin origin. *Port* is one of the same class of words as *street* and *chester*. But the compound *Portreeve* is purely English.

long in a district so far away from any of their more settled brethren. But among the fens and islands of that region, a region which gave shelter to the men who fled from the face of so many successive oppressors, the thing is perhaps possible. I do not commit myself to the fact; but I do insist that, if it be a fact, it is a strong argument, not for, but against the belief that the English people in general are of Celtic descent.

I am not quite sure whether this particular story has ever been brought to prove that Englishmen are not Englishmen. But arguments quite as strange and quite as self-refuting have been brought. For instance, an argument to show that the English people are mainly of Welsh descent has actually been sought in the fact that certain of the western shires, my own shire of the *Sumorsetas* among them, were known as the *Wealhcygn*, the Welsh folk or land. Now I think it is a simple matter of common sense, about which I may appeal to any man in this room, which way this fact looks. Surely the fact that certain shires were known distinctively as the Welsh country is one of the strongest possible arguments that the other shires were not a Welsh country. But this fact that the western shires were known as the *Wealhcygn* is a fact of great importance, and one which I have purposely kept back till this stage of my argument. You may remember that, when I spoke of the utter overthrow and havoc made by our forefathers in their conquests, I carefully confined what I had to say on that head to the days of heathen conquest. There can be no doubt that the introduction of Christianity made a most important difference in this respect. By far the greater part of what became England had been conquered while the English were still heathens. All the eastern and most part of the southern and midland districts of the country had been wrested from the Welsh before the preaching of Augustine. The Teutonic frontier in Britain already reached northward to the Forth and westward to the Severn. It is certain however that, even within this limit, there were at the end of the sixth century large British districts which were still unsubdued. In this northern part of England for instance, there were, at the accession of Eadwine, independent Britons at no great distance from York itself. It was Eadwine who added to the Northumbrian Kingdom the hitherto Welsh districts of Loidis and Elmet, the names of both of which still survive. Loidis still lives in the familiar name of the town of Leeds, and Elmet is still recognized as the name of a district in such additions as Barwick-in-El-

met and the like. And one or two Welsh names of places survive in that part of Yorkshire, Aberford, for instance, one of those curious names in which one part of the word is English and another part Welsh. So again there can be little doubt that a large part of the western midland counties, above all the wild Peakland of Derbyshire, was not conquered till after the coming of Augustine. Still, however, these last conquests belong to the period of heathen invasion; they were probably joined to Mercia by the fierce heathen conqueror Penda, and I do not think that we shall find that in any of the Mercian lands east of the Severn the Briton has left more traces behind him than he has in Kent or Norfolk. When we cross the Severn, the case is different. We then get into the real Welsh march. One of the greatest English conquests of the eighth century was that which changed the Welsh town of Pen-y-wern into the English Shrewsbury. Hereford was long an English outpost against the Welsh, and indeed in parts of Herefordshire the names of places are Welsh, and it is not so very long since the Welsh language died out there. The Severn, I think, must be taken as the extent of complete English conquest, of utter annihilation of older inhabitants and older systems, in that part of Britain.

But it is in another part of England that we can best study the difference between the two periods of heathen and of Christian conquest. The shires which were known as the *Wealhcygn*, the Welsh country, were the south-western shires, Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset. Of Cornwall I need hardly speak. Every one knows that it is essentially a British country, a country where the local nomenclature is mainly Celtic, and where a Celtic language was spoken perhaps not much more than a hundred years back. But I do not think that people so generally take in that what happened in Cornwall was the same process which happened also, only more speedily and more thoroughly, in Devon and in most part of Somerset. That is, the process of assimilation as distinguished from that of extirpation. What the writers against whom I argue fancy to have happened in the whole of England really did happen to a great extent in those two particular shires. There is a certain Celtic element in Devonshire, though it is much less strong than in Cornwall, and there is a certain Celtic element in Somersetshire, though it is much less strong than in Devonshire. Any one who knows the country, any one who, even at a distance, looks carefully at the map, will be able to make out a sprinkling of Celtic names and other Celtic

indications, beginning at the Axe and getting thicker and thicker till we cross the Tamar into the strictly Celtic land of Cornwall. In these districts there can be no doubt that, just as in Cornwall, the population is very largely of Celtic descent, and has been simply assimilated to the English. The cause of the difference is manifest. The Axe was the last boundary of heathen conquest; all to the south-west of that river was gradually won by the Christian Kings of the West-Saxons. Mark here the effect of Christianity. It did its work, as it generally does its work, slowly and silently; it did not at once turn men into angels; it did not make all men at once as perfectly virtuous and as perfectly consistent as the very best men, now or then; but it certainly did make men much better than they were before. Christianity did not at once put a stop to fighting and conquering; it has not put a stop to fighting and conquering yet; but it certainly made the process of fighting and conquering much less frightful than they were before. With the introduction of Christianity our forefathers ceased to be mere destroyers; they were satisfied with being conquerors. Instead of dealing with the vanquished as with wild beasts, they were now content to receive them, not indeed as their political equals, but still as fellow-Christians and fellow-subjects. In the districts which were conquered after the conversion of the English, the conquered Briton was freely admitted to the protection of the law, and he was not forbidden the possession of landed property. He was not indeed looked on as the equal of his conqueror. In those days each man had his value, according to his rank. Every man's oath was worth something, but the oath of one man of higher rank was reckoned as equal to the oaths of several men of lower rank. Every man's life was worth something; a fine was to be paid for the slaying of any man, but the fine for slaying any man of higher rank was higher than the fine for slaying a man of lower rank. The fine for slaying the King was very high indeed, for an Ealdorman less, and so on downwards. Now according to this rule, we find that the oath of the Welshman and the blood of the Welshman, though they were worth something, were not looked on as being worth so much as the oath and blood of an Englishman. This at once marks his position. He is no longer a slave, an enemy, or a wild beast, but a fellow-subject, though a fellow-subject of inferior rank. So again in this part of England we do actually find some traces of that ecclesiastical continuity with the Church of the conquered which is so

conspicuous on the Continent, but of which we have no trace in any other part of England. Canterbury and York have no connection with the early British Church; but go to Glastonbury, and there what people simply dream of in other places becomes a real and living fact. Somersetshire between Axe and Parret was conquered by the Christian Cenevalh; Somersetshire beyond Parret was conquered by the famous law-giver Ine. Unlike their forefathers in their heathen days, but exactly like the Christian Teutons in their continental conquests, the West-Saxon conquerors now spared, honoured, and enriched the great ecclesiastical establishment of the conquered. The ancient church of wood or wicker, which legend spoke of as the first temple reared on British soil to the honour of Christ, was preserved as a hallowed relic, even after a greater church of stone was built by Dunstan to the east of it. And though not a fragment of either of those buildings still remains, yet each alike is represented in the peculiar arrangements of that mighty and now fallen minster. The wooden church of the Briton is represented by the famous Lady chapel, better known as the chapel of Saint Joseph; the stone church of the West-Saxon is represented by the vast Abbey church itself. Nowhere else can we see the works of the conquerors and the works of the conquered thus standing, though but in a figure, side by side. Nowhere else, among all the churches of England, can we find one which can thus trace up its uninterrupted being to days before the Teuton had set foot upon British soil. The legendary burial-place of Arthur, the real burying-place of Eadgar and the two Eadmunds, stands alone among English minsters as the one link which really does bind us to the ancient Church of the Briton and the Roman.

Now what does all this prove? Here is one particular part of England known as the *Wealtheyn*. In that particular part of England we see that a large Welsh population did survive, and became the subject of special legislation. In that particular part of England we find, in one great ecclesiastical foundation at least, a real religious continuity between the Church of the conqueror and the Church of the conquered. But in all these respects the district so distinguished stands alone, and we can see plain reasons in the facts of history why it should stand alone. The very name of *Wealtheyn* points to this district as having a special character, a character differing from, and opposed to, the other shires of the *Anglecyn*. The legislation about Welshmen is peculiar to Wessex; we find no legislation

about Welshmen in the laws of Kent or of other parts of England. And it is peculiar to Wessex at one particular age. The distinction which was so broadly marked in the laws of Ine seems to have died out before the time of Ælfred. Everything shows that the state of things in these western shires was exceptional, and that it was felt to be so. That they were known as the Welsh country is the strongest of all proofs that the rest of England was not a Welsh country. That in them there was a Welsh population, calling for special legislation, while no such legislation was needed elsewhere, is the strongest of all proofs that no such Welsh population existed in other parts of England. If I asserted that the blood of Englishmen was purely Teutonic, as a matter of physical purity, it would certainly be answer enough to show that three shires of England largely retained their Welsh population. But as I do not affirm, and as nobody that I know affirms, any such impossible paradox, the distinctive and exceptional character of this particular district sets off by the clearest light of contrast the essentially Teutonic character of England in general.

These districts of England, which are only Teutonized and not strictly Teutonic, where the Welsh population was not extirpated but gradually assimilated, find a striking parallel in a part of continental Europe of which I have already spoken. I mean those lands in the east of Germany where the Teutonic speech, High in some districts, Low in others, has been spread over a large range of country originally Slavonic and Lithuanian. The greater part of the older Kingdom of Prussia, as well as all the eastern part of the dominions of the Prussian Crown in Germany, together with much of the Austrian territory and of the modern Kingdom of Saxony, come under this head. Eastern Germany, like southwestern England, is not a purely Teutonic, but only a Teutonized land. A very large part of the German population, including such exalted personages as the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and the Prime Minister of Prussia, are Germans only in the sense in which a Cornish *Tre*, *Pol*, or *Pen* is an Englishman. And the part of Germany whose inhabitants are mainly Teutonized Slaves forms a much larger portion of the whole country than the part of England whose inhabitants are mainly Teutonized Celts. If the Celtic element in Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset destroys the claim of Englishmen to be Teutons, the Slavonic element in Mecklenburg, Pomerania, Brandenburg, and Lusatia, the Old-Prussian or Lithuanian element

in Prussia itself, must go much further to destroy the claims of Germans to be looked upon as Teutons. As I said before, no nation is really of pure blood; all that I contend is that the blood of Englishmen is not more mingled than the blood of other nations. I have no doubt that the Slavonic element in the modern Germans is greater than the Celtic element in the modern English. But if you told a German that he was not a Teuton, that is, if you told him that Dutch was not Dutch, he would be a little amazed. I should be the last man to dispute his right to the Teutonic name; I only say that, if he is a Teuton, we are Teutons still more.

The parallel between eastern Germany and south-western England is in fact very close, and might be carried out in much greater detail. The lands like Mecklenburg, where German, High or Low, has displaced Slavonic, answer to the West-Saxon *Wealhcygn*, and to Herefordshire and the other lands on the Mercian border where English has wholly displaced Welsh. Lands where German and Slavonic are struggling, Bohemia for instance and the Polish province of Posen, answer to Wales itself. And if we may take a wide leap over both Slavonic and Magyar lands, we might say that the English part of Pembrokeshire, Little England beyond Wales, where the blood is mainly Flemish and the speech therefore wholly English, answers to the distant and detached Saxon colonies in Transylvania. Both these settlements have kept themselves singularly distinct from their neighbours of other races. Their blood must be far more nearly what it was in the twelfth century than the blood of the German or English people in general. The Flemings of Pembrokeshire, the Saxons of Transylvania, must be among the purest Teutons in Europe. But absolute physical purity of blood I would not warrant even for them.

There is another analogy which is suggested by these exceptional districts of England. Here at least, it might be thought, where the conquered people so largely survived, the English Conquest did answer to the other Teutonic conquests. And as far as the mere question of descent goes, it clearly does so answer. But a little thought will show that all the circumstances of the two cases were different. We see the difference in the results. In the continental conquests the conquerors were merged in the conquered. Here in Britain, even where the conquered exceptionally survived, they were merged in the conquerors. Where the Briton was spared,

he did not change his conqueror into a Welshman, but he himself became an Englishman. The cause of the difference is obvious. When the West-Saxons conquered the south-western peninsula, when the Mercians conquered Herefordshire and the other lands beyond the Severn, when your own Bretwalda Eadwine conquered the British kingdoms of Loidis and Elmet, none of them were simply seeking homes like the first invaders; each conqueror was extending the borders of an already established kingdom. There was no reason for them in any way to respect or look up to the systems which they found established, as the Goths and Burgundians had respected the systems which they found established in the Roman provinces. The feeling entertained by the English towards the Welsh must have been mainly one of contempt. The English was the advancing, the Welsh was the decaying element. By this time there could have been no advantage in civilization on the Welsh side, or rather the advantage must have passed over to the English side. When the English became Christians, the single badge of superiority on the part of the Briton passed away. The English frontier thus advanced, and the inhabitants of each of the districts which were successively annexed were received as subjects of an English kingdom. They had now to live under English laws, and they were placed under every inducement to learn the English language. Thus, between English settlers who pressed in and native inhabitants who found themselves driven to adopt English ways, the whole of the annexed districts gradually became English. Somersetshire and Devonshire must have done so very early. The change in Somersetshire took place, to all appearance, between the time of Ine and the time of Ælfred; but it is certain that the population of Exeter was partly English, partly Welsh, up to the time of Æthelstan, by whom the Welsh inhabitants were driven out. In Cornwall the process was much slower. The country retained a kind of half-independence much later, and the English settlers were probably much fewer than in Somerset and Devon. But in the end, though the local nomenclature and a strong local feeling still remains, the English tongue has made good its dominion even over that stubborn peninsula.

But we are told that, not only in these districts, but in the whole land generally, there must be much Celtic blood among us, because it is allowed at all hands that the women would often be spared, and that many even of the men would survive as

slaves. So no doubt it was: there is doubtless some Celtic blood in us, as there is some alien blood in every other nation. As for the slaves, it is certain that the Welsh were enslaved to such a degree that the word *Wealth* is often used, especially in composition, to express a slave, and that the feminine *Wylne* is much more commonly used to express a female slave. This use of the word, let me remark, is exactly analogous to the use of the word *Slave* itself. In its own tongue it means *glorious*, but in most European tongues it has come to express bondage, simply through the number of Slavonic captives which the conquests of the Frankish Kings scattered through all lands. Here again the British element in England answers to the Slavonic element in Germany. Physical purity of blood cannot be claimed either for the continental or for the insular Teuton. But does the presence of an occasional British or Slavonic mother really affect the question either way? I trow not. When, in after times, a Norman adventurer married an English heiress, I believe that his son, born on English soil of an English mother, and succeeding, without force or displacement, to the estate of an English grandfather, felt as an Englishman rather than as a Norman. But I do not believe that this or that Englishman of the fifth or sixth century was any the less an Englishman because his mother might happen to be a Welsh captive. She might teach him to talk about a basket, but she did not teach him to worship Christ instead of Woden. Turkish Sultans and Pashas have had their harems filled with women from all quarters of the world, but their sons have not been any the less Turks. And, after all, there is every reason to believe that the infusion of Celtic blood through Celtic slaves or Celtic slave mothers was, even physically, not very great. It is significant that in Domesday the number of recorded slaves is large in the shires touching on the Welsh border, small in the purely Teutonic districts. And it is worth noticing that legend directly points to the fact that the invaders, to a great extent at least, brought their own women with them. There are endless legends in which a settlement begins by the stranger marrying the daughter of the native chief. In the legend of the English occupation of Britain the native chief marries the daughter of the stranger.

Lastly, there are some points alleged to which it is really hard to give any serious thought. To prove that the English are not Teutonic we are gravely told that the modern English differ greatly in their tastes

and habits from the modern Germans. What then? The examples quoted seem to come from München and Wien rather than from Bremen and Lübeck; but if they came from Angeln itself, what can they prove after a separation of fourteen hundred years? Turn to foreign accounts of Englishmen two or three hundred years back. We see at once a likeness to ourselves in those great aspects of political life which are the true flesh and blood of Englishmen. But in the mere details of taste and fashion there is often no likeness whatever. And those who seriously bring this as an argument are sometimes driven to acknowledge, with ludicrous simplicity, that those points of unlikeness between Germans and Englishmen which are gravely brought to show that Englishmen are not Englishmen are just as distinctive of Frenchmen as they are of Germans. That is to say, the difference is simply the difference between men of the continent and men of the island. Our insular position has given us a character of our own which widely distinguishes us from the High-Germans, and it is not very wonderful if it even distinguishes us from our Low-Dutch brethren also.

Lastly, we are told that we differ from the Germans, and I believe from the Hollanders too, in certain physical peculiarities. They are a light-haired race; we are more commonly dark-haired; and, above all, there is some difference in the shape of our skulls, which involves a corresponding difference in the shape of our hats. The evidence from the hats, however, does not seem to be fully agreed upon; different measurers of hats seem to give different reports on the abstruse question whether Englishmen, Germans, or any other people, are entitled to be called either Roundheads or long-headed fellows. But, seriously, what does such an argument as this prove? First of all I object to any High-Dutchman's hat being received as evidence. I must be certified that the German hats spoken of are specially adapted to genuine Saxon or Frisian heads. Then again, nothing can be plainer than that, among civilized nations at least, differences of this sort cannot be trusted as infallible. I presume that any difference which may be found between Celt and Teuton must have been originally caused by the influences of climate and manner of life. For, whatever we say of negroes or Tasmanians, we must at least assume that all the Aryan nations are sprung from a single stock. If the physical peculiarities of the Celts of Britain were in any way owing to their dwelling in Britain, the same influence would doubtless have the

same effect on the Teutonic settlers also. I am told that types of skull do alter; that, for instance, the most degraded classes of our own population, whether Celtic or Teutonic, are beginning to show signs of an approach to some of the lower types of mankind. I know not how this may be; but every one knows that we are beginning to recognize a certain physical character as distinctive of our English brethren in America. If the influences of another climate have made a perceptible physical change in them in the space of two centuries, it is really not wonderful if the same kind of influence has wrought a perceptible physical change in us in the space of fourteen centuries.

As for the colour of eyes and hair, I really cannot attach any importance to arguments drawn from features which are so liable to constant change. It is certain that the old Teutons are always described as a blue-eyed and light-haired race. It is equally certain that, among the modern English, eyes and hair of all colours are common, and that the darker kind would probably be found to have a numerical majority. But I do not see that any inference can be drawn from these facts to show that the English are not essentially Teutonic. At all events, these facts cannot prove that the English are essentially Celtic. For the Celts, no less than the Teutons, are spoken of as a light-haired or red-haired race; the different appearance of the Silurians, the people of South Wales, is specially noted by Roman writers, to whom it suggested the idea that they were an Iberian colony. And among the modern Welsh dark hair is certainly still more common than it is among the modern English. The argument from hair therefore, if it proves anything, would rather prove that Welsh and English alike are neither Celtic nor Teutonic, but Iberian. It would prove in truth that we are none of us Aryans at all, but that we are, after all, Basques who have somehow learned to talk Welsh in some parts and English in others.

On the other hand, though blue eyes and light hair are certainly commoner in Germany than in England, they are certainly not the universal rule. I have before now been in company where one dark-haired German was the exception among a party of light-haired English. On the other hand our Norman Kings were light-haired, just as much as their English predecessors; and it is plain that in old Greece light hair and blue eyes were, to say the least, not uncommon, though they certainly are not Greek characteristics now. As far as I can see, no argument in any direction can be drawn from the colour of the hair; no feature

seems so liable to change among whole nations; none seems to be so much a matter of chance in particular families. Whatever may be the cause, whether from changes in the manner of life or from anything else, it seems that, not in England only but in Europe generally, a tendency has been at work for some centuries, by virtue of which the fair-haired nations, Teutonic, Celtic, or any other, are gradually becoming dark.

I have now done. I have stated my own case; I have done my best to answer such objections as have been made to it. I do not think that we shall surrender a pedigree to which our language, our institutions, and our whole history bear witness, in deference to objections some of which prove nothing, while others are strong arguments the other way. No; we are Englishmen, sprung of the old stock which changed Britain into England, as it has, before and since, planted other Englands elsewhere. We are a colony of the old England, the old Saxony, the old Friesland, the lands which never bowed to the rule of Cæsar, till a Cæsar came among them who was himself of Teutonic blood and speech. We are a colony planted at the most hopeful time for planting colonies, while the parent land was still in a state of healthy barbarism. We brought with us no fixed and elaborate institutions; we were under no temptations consciously to copy the in-

stitutions either of our old land or of any other. But we brought with us the germs of all the institutions, the germ of the whole national life, which were to take root and grow in the new soil in which they were planted. We did not bring with us a finished constitution of King, Lords, and Commons; but we did bring with us those germs alike of the monarchic, of the aristocratic, and the democratic branches of our constitution, which stand out plainly revealed in the earliest pictures of the Teutonic race. Severed from the old stock, planted in a new soil, we grew up a new people, never losing our kindred with those whom we left behind, but still growing into a distinct national personality of our own. We mainly extirpated, to a slight degree we assimilated, the alien Briton; we wholly assimilated the kindred Dane and the really kindred Norman. We have our own history, our own glory. But it is well that we should look to the rock whence we are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence we are digged. No people are fonder than ourselves of wandering over every corner of the known world. But it is well to remember in our wanderings, that, while in other lands we are treading the soil of strangers, when we set foot on the shores of Scandinavia and northern Germany we are simply revisiting our ancestral home.

From The Radical, for June.
THE SECRET.

WHAT was it, in that old time that I know,
Which made the world with inner beauty glow,
Now a vain show?

Still dance the shadows on the grass at play,
Still move the clouds like great, calm thoughts
away,
Nor haste, nor stay.

But I have lost that breath within the gale,
That light to which the daylight was a veil,
The starshine pale.

Still all the summer with its songs is filled,
But that delicious undertone they held —
Why is it stilled?

Once I took heart that I would find again
The voices that had long in silence lain,
Nor live in vain.

I stood at noonday in the hollow wind
Listened at midnight, straining heart and mind
If I might find!

But all in vain I sought, at eve and morn,
On sunny seas, in dripping woods forlorn,
Till tired and worn.

Then I took up a humble implement
And down into the world's bright garden went,
On labor bent.

And as I worked at weed and root in glee,
Now humming and now whistling cheerily,
It came to me.

The secret of the glory that was fled,
Shone like a sweep of sun all overhead,
And something said:

"The blessing came because it was not sought;
There was no care if thou wert blest or not;
The beauty and the wonder all thy thought —
Thyself forgot."

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE AFFIRMATIVE.

BY L. KNATCHELL-HUGGESSON.

MADAME LACAMBRA'S school was in — shire. On her fête day she usually assembled as many of her old pupils as were within reach. On these occasions we frequently told stories of our lives and adventures. The following was from the lips of Mrs. Solmes, whose facile temper had gained for her from our school wits the title of "The Affirmative."

YOU all know I was only seventeen when I left school. Yes! I declare on the very day; and as I was an orphan I went straight to Lady Markham. You know all about her, of course. She was a relative of my mother's, and a dear old lady, and it was to be my home, excepting when I went to stay with Uncle Jack. I did not like staying with Uncle Jack, for he wore large creaking boots and was always making plans; and, as you know, I could not help agreeing to them all, I was perpetually getting into scrapes with my aunt, who was very precise, and liked to know exactly what everybody was going to do all day long, which was what I never could tell, of course. So I made up my mind to like Lady Markham's house much the best, and to stay there all my life. I remember settling that as I drove down the avenue, and I settled it all again when I went to bed at night. However, it was not to be.

Next day, at luncheon, Lady Markham said to me, "Mee dear, will ye come for a drive with me?" (She always said "Mee dear" as if the possessive pronoun was spelt with two e's.)

"Oh," said I, "Lady Markham, I should like it so much."

But, however, I did not, for Harry, my cousin, who was fourteen, and a capital boy, who spent his holidays there, had asked me in the morning to go down to the rabbit-warren with him at three. Harry was gone out to luncheon, and I had promised to wait for him, and the carriage was ordered at the same time; and as I stood in the hall waiting, and wondering whether I was to go with Harry or Lady Markham, I must have said, "Oh, dear, what shall I do?" quite loud, for a voice close to me answered, "Will Mademoiselle come with me to the Brown Beeches?"

I turned so quickly that the same voice immediately added, almost in the same breath:

"*Milles pardons, Mademoiselle!* I mistook her for Mees Ellen Ramsay."

"Mees Ellen Ramsay" was the clergyman's daughter, and was often about the house; she was only twelve, so I could not help laughing; but I said, almost without knowing why, "Oh I will come, I should like it of all things."

The speaker looked puzzled; I think he thought after that that I must be a child after all, not a grown-up young lady of seventeen. But he laughed and bowed, and said he was "*charmé*," and "Would I really come?"

"Oh yes," said I, and off we set.

Well, he was very agreeable. He was a little man, a foreigner of course, very fat, very fair, and very funny. He wore a large ring on his finger, and I think he must have been rather vulgar, for I remember thinking at first that he was just the sort of man who would offer one eighteen-penny calico, or terry velvet a great bargain across the counter in a country shop. However, as we walked and talked, this impression wore off, and I thought him rather nice.

Now, dear Madame, do not be angry with me! You know I was very young and always very silly, and I really forgot at the moment all that you told me about my proneness to be too friendly with everybody without discrimination, and about not talking to people until they had been properly introduced. But before we were half-way down the park it had all come into my head, and I stopped quite short and said, "Oh dear, I've forgotten something!"

"*Mais qu'est que c'est?*" said he. "May I have the *félicité* to run back and fetch it for Mademoiselle?"

"Oh no," said I; "that's no good. It's you. At least, I mean — oh, dear —"

"*Moi!*" he exclaimed. "What can Mademoiselle do me the honour to mean? I never had the *bonheur* to see Mademoiselle before!"

"No," said I; "that's just it, I forgot all about it. Madame always told me not to talk to people till they were introduced. I don't know who you are. What shall I do?"

I never shall forget how he laughed at this speech. The tears ran down his cheeks, and all the time he was trying to be civil, and to leave off, while I was more ready to cry.

"*Bien*," said he, at last; "does Mademoiselle will that we should go back to the house, and begin again with an introduction *en forme*, or shall I present myself here? I am Carl Toolou, and engaged for the moment in renovating some old pictures for

Miladi Markham; also to instruct Mees Ellen and others in the divine art of drawing. I go now to the Brown Beech by Miladi's wish to make of them a little *dessein*."

"Oh, thank you," said I; "I daresay that will do. I should think Madame would be satisfied."

"Then we may proceed," said he, still looking much amused; and on we went.

Well, my dears, he was very amusing. Do not laugh at me, — for Madame herself was in fits at the indescribably quaint spirited simplicity with which the merry little woman acted, rather than related, this scene, — do not laugh. I assure you he was very amusing, and when we arrived at the Beeches he went into the keeper's house to beg for a knife, having lost his own. He had hardly disappeared before Harry came up.

"Oh," said he, "Lottie, Lady Markham has been sending everywhere for you; she said you were going to drive with her, but I thought you were coming with me?"

"Oh," said I, "Harry, I forgot you both, but I am ready now." With that I jumped up, and we set off for the warren together.

That was my introduction to Mons. Carl Toolou. Of course he was surprised to find me gone when he came back, and of course Lady Markham was surprised to meet me with Harry, carrying five rabbits which we had caught, I assure you. However, that has nothing to do with my story. I saw a good deal of Mons. Carl, and he helped to pass the time, for it was very dull when Harry was out; but for all that I don't think Mons. Carl could have been at all a nice person really, for the day before he went away he asked if I would be his wife; and you know, my dears, as he was only a drawing-master, and I was Lady Markham's cousin and very rich, it was not quite the thing to do. However, of course I said, "Oh yes, I would if he liked —"

Here poor Charlotte was actually brought to a full stop by the renewed roars of laughter which this sentence elicited. Every one felt convinced that it was so exactly what she must have said, that she was so utterly incapable of pronouncing a negative even in the refusal of such a proposal, that it was impossible to preserve one's gravity.

For a quarter of a second a look of vexation passed over her soft features, but speedily resuming her usual expression of unalterable good humour, she continued:

Well, my dears, what could I do? You know I really had no excuse for saying anything else. He was a good little fellow, and

I did not care for anyone else that I was aware of. At all events I did say it, and truly rejoiced was I when dear Lady Markham came waddling into the room almost before I had ceased speaking. Mons. Carl subsided behind his easel immediately, and I saw him no more for some time, as he went away to London quite early next morning.

That day brought company, — Lady Selling and her son Sir Robert came to pass a fortnight or ten days at Markham Hall. Sir Robert might have been endurable had he not been Sir Robert Selling. That apparently occupied all his thoughts and energies, and he really was nothing else. His mother ruled him completely. They were both tall and stiff, poor and stingy, silent and determined; and their determinations with regard to my unfortunate self became speedily apparent. They intended to marry me. They used to take me solemnly down to the lake every morning after breakfast, place themselves solemnly in the boat with me, and then when Lady Selling had arranged herself comfortably she would solemnly sleep through the whole morning by my side, while Sir Robert sat opposite and solemnly gazed at me.

I really would not have used the word so often did any other adjective describe their peculiarities. This was their ponderous idea of courtship. I found myself growing quite low-spirited, and by Thursday morning felt as if I had been chained to the oar for some years. In vain Harry invited me to ride or fish, in vain Lady Markham bade me drive with her; for, though I always gladly acquiesced in their proposals, Lady Selling and Sir Robert invariably carried me off.

In the afternoon they contrived to monopolize me as well. Unfortunately, too, Sir Robert could read aloud — I really believe it was the only thing he could do — and one wet day he asked me if I did not find the time hang heavy. This was his elegant expression.

"Well, yes," said I, "I certainly do." For I really could not say anything else.

"If Miss Benson were alone," pronounced Lady Selling, "she would doubtless pass the time in reading. Robert, dear boy, suppose you read to us. — What are you reading, my dear?" she continued, turning to me.

Now, you know I never could read excepting in school hours; and for my life the only book I could think of was Hume's "History of England," which we were reading in class when I left.

The name had escaped my lips almost be-

fore I was aware of it, and from that moment I had no peace. The dreadful man actually fetched the book, while a stony smile of approbation lighted up his mother's stern face.

Of course after that it rained every other day, and between the book and the boat my hours were passed in perpetual penance. Well, it came to an end at last. They proposed to me a few days before the one fixed for their departure, and as it was rather a prolonged affair I had better give it in detail.

As usual, Lady Selling began. She always had to start him in all his undertakings, great and small.

"My dear," said she, as we three sat solemnly in the little drawing-room after breakfast — the Hume torture, as I imagined, on the point of beginning, — "My dear, my son Robert has something of importance to say to you. From the encouragement you have given him, I cannot doubt your reply. May the blessing of Heaven rest on you both." And rising, she extended her bony hands in the air towards us and Hume and vanished.

I believe I thought it rather striking, and was vexed with myself for a strong inclination to laugh.

She rather spoiled the effect of her exit by putting her long nose in at the door again, and saying:

"Don't let the fire out, dear boy."

That did me good, and I felt equal to glancing at Sir Robert, who, with Hume in his hand, was walking ponderously up and down. His face was as stolid and unmoved as usual. I felt that he was conning over a speech prepared probably by his mother, and in the inmost recesses of my own heart I was feebly striving in my turn to prepare the negative which I all the time knew I should not have courage to pronounce. For one bright moment I wondered how it would feel if I could say it. But I felt all the impossibility.

Meantime, placing himself in the peculiar attitude which I have seen many and many a man assume when about to give utterance to a prepared speech at a public meeting, with one hand slightly leaning upon the table, and the other half-concealed in his coat, while his left boot sought support from the right, he commenced in a parrot-like, monotonous tone, reciting his lesson.

"Miss Benson," said he, "my mother has so prepared the way that I feel that but few words will be necessary. The intimacy of the last few days has touched my heart with a profound sense of your many rare qualities. I feel that you are well calculated to

grace a high station, — a station, in point of fact, far higher than that I can offer you. Yet the Sellings are an old family, Miss Benson," and here his voice changed, and he spoke more naturally — "they came over with the Conqueror, and the castle is uncommonly old. It's out of repair, to be sure, but —"

A faint, faint sound, as of a low cough, caused me to look towards the *portière* which hung over the doorway leading to the large drawing-room, and I could not be mistaken in the bronze nose which was just visible in the folds. Sir Robert saw it too, and by his slight start, and the conscious way in which his eyes sought my face, I perceived that for once he had failed to follow out the line his mother had laid down for him. He had actually digressed, substituting a few sentences of his own for those she had intended him to pronounce.

There was an awkward pause. Lady Selling visibly quivered behind the curtain. I painfully hoped I should not laugh. In this emergency, Sir Robert's eyes fell on Hume, and he actually had an idea, — the first and last of his life, in all probability.

He extended the book to me. "This book," said he, with awful solemnity, "had a good deal to do with it. We've been very happy with Hume, and all I ask is this. You like Hume; you chose it. As you liked and chose Hume, so I want you to like and choose me."

I declare to you, my dears, there was a very faint sound of applause from the curtain, and I suspect that, however garbled, some part of the speech might have been found in the original copy, by Lady Selling, Widow.

Mother and son were positively inspired, and he approached to take my hand, reiterating the striking sentiment, "As you liked and chose Hume, so I want you to like and choose me."

"Oh yes," said I; "yes, of course, only I am afraid I hated Hume. Yes, I do hate and detest him."

For my life I could not have helped it, my dears. I had said it, "Yes" and all, before I knew what I was about. Poor Sir Robert! And poor Hume! For one of them let the other fall flat upon the floor, and the other stood aghast. Before he had time to rally, the *portière* was drawn aside, and Lady Selling and her bronze nose stalked majestically in, and took possession of me. Yes, that is the only word that expresses it. Her grim bony hand grasped my shoulder, and held me with an indescribable sense of possession. From that moment I felt that it was all over with me.

The extraordinary good luck which had enabled me to refuse my disagreeable suitor with an affirmative was nullified. I felt that I was Lady Selling, and I grew positively rigid with horror.

"Robert," said her ladyship authoritatively, "Robert, dear boy;" and her stony eye being turned downwards, "Robert, dear boy," followed it, and went out, carrying Hume with him. Hume had furnished him with an idea, and he clung to it.

"Miss Benson," said her ladyship solemnly, releasing me as she spoke, but pushing me into a chair, and fixing me with her stern eye, "Miss Benson, I am surprised at your conduct. After the encouragement you have undoubtedly given my son, the least we had a right to expect of you was that you should receive his proposals with civility. Do you know what you have done? Do you know you have refused the greatest blessing woman can have?"

"Poor woman!" thought I, but I faintly murmured "Yes," for she looked for an answer, and I could think of nothing else to say. She caught at the word, and the expression of her countenance changed as she continued in a somewhat milder tone:—

"Perhaps, Miss Benson, we may have been hasty. We may have mistaken your meaning. In fact, on consideration, I cannot but think this must be the case. Is it not so?"

Again she paused, and again the fatal "Oh yes" crept to my lips.

"Let us then at once remedy this most unfortunate mistake," said she, rising. "I have not now to learn," she added, with an iron smile, and an attempt at graciousness which ill-suited her, "I have not now to learn that on these occasions young ladies are apt, from very nervousness, to say what they do not mean. I myself have experienced the sensation. But fear not. I will seek my son, and all shall be set right." She left the room as she spoke, and I, feeling that my only chance of escape from a lifelong slavery to these grim warriors, mother and son, lay in instant flight, lost no time in creeping through another door, and speeding towards my own room. My one thought was an intense desire to find myself in my bonnet and shawl. That, I felt, would be the first step towards further flight.

Alas! not so easily was I destined to escape. My room was far off, and as I scampered down one of the long passages, I fell again into the arms of Lady Selling herself. In that moment she had described her "Robert, dear boy," riding across the park, and was returning to tell me that the explanation must be deferred. For the mo-

ment I thought it a reprieve, but before the day was out I felt that it would have been better to have had it over. My dears, that woman never left me, and she never ceased talking of her son. I heard all about him, from the day of his birth to the very hour of his unfortunate arrival at Markham Hall. I believe that in that one day she did all the talking which should have served her for a lifetime. Oh, how I hoped that he would return from his ride engaged to some one else. I had heard of hearts caught on the rebound. Would that it might be so in this case!

My situation was a curious one, for though undoubtedly engaged to the Sellings, I could not with any truth have asserted that I was the affianced of Sir Robert. Well, the stern woman did not release me until the dressing-bell had rung, and I was safe in the hands of my maid. Then, as Sir Robert was heard ascending the stairs, she left me.

What passed between him and his mother I know not. I only imagined that it must be all arranged to her satisfaction, because she stopped me for one moment on the stairs, and solemnly blessed me. Lady Markham being just before us, nothing more was possible at the time. That was enough, however, to make me very uncomfortable all dinner-time, although Sir Robert came in late and took no notice of me whatever.

Sometimes I felt inclined to hope that he had made the acquaintance of a larger heiress in his ride, and that the private blessing on the stairs was intended to console me for my loss. But all the time I knew this was too good to be true, and I passed that dinner-hour in a state of miserable uncertainty as to whether I was engaged to Sir Robert Selling or not.

The doubt lasted till Lady Markham had been talked into her usual after-dinner sleep in the drawing-room, and then it ceased. For Lady Selling looked at me with what was meant for a smile, beckoning me through the fatal *portière*, when I perceived Sir Robert waiting for me in the little drawing-room. She led me up to him, and placing my hand in his, cast her eyes to the middle compartment of the ceiling, and with an iron groan, expressive of intense satisfaction, once more left us.

He instantly dropped my hand. I was glad of it, for I wanted to alter my position so as to command the *portière*, feeling instinctively that I might have some hope with Sir Robert alone. Alas! the bronze nose was plainly visible. The chandelier cast a bright light upon its whole length. I gave

myself up for lost, and turned resignedly to Sir Robert. Apparently his mother had told him to say as little as possible, and had left him to select his own phraseology, as less dangerous on the whole; for he cleared his throat twice before he began, and then only said:—

"It seems I was mistaken this morning, Miss Benson. I'm very glad, I'm sure."

He paused, waiting for an idea. His dull small eye sought Hume on the table. It was gone. The source of eloquence was withdrawn. I had the courage to hold my tongue. In vain! The *portière* quivered.

"And I'm very glad, I'm sure," repeated poor Sir Robert, hastily; his eye seeking not mine, but the *portière*. "I suppose it's all right now, isn't it?"

This plainly demanded an answer, and I, also looking fixedly at the bronze nose on which the light gleamed yet more brilliantly, faintly murmured, "Yes; oh yes!"

The dull eye really gleamed for one moment, as with an air of intense relief and satisfaction, which plainly said, "That's a good thing over," he pulled two arm-chairs before the fire, and motioning me into one, placed himself in the other, and relapsed into the silence which was natural to him.

How long we sat thus I know not. To me it seemed centuries; and when next I had the opportunity of looking in the glass, I fully expected to see grey hairs and wrinkles. Nothing came to break the horrible silence of that hour, save the falling of the cinders from the grate, the ticking of the clock, and an occasional groan from one or other of the old ladies in the next room. "If this is being engaged," thought I, "what must it be to be married!" for you know at school we had always thought the engagement must be the best fun of the two.

At length he spoke. He put his hand on the arm of my chair, and still looking fixedly at the fire ejaculated, "This is very jolly; isn't it?"

"Yes," said I, in faintest accents; "oh yes."

"It's a great comfort when one knows people well enough not to be obliged to talk," he continued, "isn't it?"

Again I assented, from really nothing else to say; and he relapsed into silence.

Evidently that was a day of inspiration for Sir Robert, however, for soon he spoke again.

"Shall we play at backgammon?" said he, with a suddenness which almost took my breath away. Of course I agreed, and he rose to fetch the board.

Hardly was it placed, however, before the *portière* was pulled aside, and Lady Selling marched into the room. Apparently she felt that it was time to embrace me as a daughter-in-law elect, although what gave her the horrid inspiration at that precise moment I know not.

Certain it is that Sir Robert led me forward as she advanced, and with a groan which caused the very chandelier to vibrate, and a gesture which knocked over the backgammon-board, she received me into her voluminous shawl.

"This is as it should be, my children," said she—a sentiment which found no echo in my breast, especially as at that moment one of my ear-rings catching in her lace, I was detained a close prisoner, my ear pinned to her shoulder, and it was not without difficulty that I was extricated. Nor was this all. Holding my hand, she drew me into the next room, and led me up to the arm-chair in which reposed my kind friend Lady Markham. She placed me side by side with her son before that chair, and in set terms she announced our engagement.

Now Lady Markham had a little way of her own of sleeping with her eyes more than half open; and as she was very old, very wrinkled, and very fat, it required an intimate acquaintance with her to ascertain whether she was in the land of dreams or of reality. At this moment even I felt in doubt on the subject, but mother and son felt none. One continued to pronounce her solemn sentences, and the other to enforce them with stiff bows, which nearly convulsed me with laughter; while dear Lady Markham nodded emphatically at one or the other, and more than once opened one eye. The sudden cessation of Lady Selling's voice appeared really to rouse her for one moment, and she looked up with a puzzled expression which convinced me that until that moment she had slept. Seeing us all standing up before her, she became aware that something was expected of her, and collecting all her energies she nodded twice at Lady Selling, saying:

"Told ye so, mee dear; told ye so! Sad stuff! sad stuff!" then tapping me on the cheek with her fan, she caught sight of Sir Robert still bowing before her; and, making a great effort to shake hands with him, muttered a sleepy hope that he had enjoyed himself, and sunk back into undoubted sleep: nay, snoring under our very eyes.

The bronze colour on Lady Selling's face deepened considerably, and Sir Robert looked at his mother. She was, however, far too much a woman of the world to give

vent to her anger, and turning to me she said:

"Having received the sanction and blessing of her who stands in the place of a mother to you, my child, I think you would do well to withdraw."

What passed after my departure I do not know; but the first thing I heard the next morning was that my dear old guardian had had a fit. She was subject to fits of a distressing, but not of a dangerous nature, and I do not wish you to infer that this one was caused by anything the Sellings had said or done. I imagine that it was coming on when I left the room. I was accustomed to hear of these attacks, and was on this occasion chiefly affected by the immediate consequence, which was the departure of the Sellings. Words cannot describe my delight on hearing that Lady Selling thought it right to telegraph for Lady Markham's sister, and take away her "Robert, dear boy," by the first convenient train. That train, alas! did not allow of their leaving the house until one o'clock, and I had to endure two interviews before that hour; one short one with Lady Selling, and a mortal two hours with her son.

Lady Selling blessed me three times more: once on wishing me good-morning, once at the commencement, once at the close of our interview. I think she considered each blessing another link to the chain which bound me to her son. She told me that in the present state of my dear guardian's health she felt it a duty to withdraw from Markham Hall; but that as our engagement had received Lady Markham's sanction, there could be no reason for concealing it. She intended to write to all her friends, and hoped that I would do the same. She gave me a letter which she desired me to present to Lady Markham as soon as she should be able to attend to it, which she trusted would be the case in a few days. She concluded by hoping that I would not fail to reply to the letters which "Robert, dear boy," would as a matter of course address to me.

For once in my life I did not give the required assent. I was far too frightened to speak. I felt that the meshes were being drawn tighter around me, and that every moment rendered my escape more hopeless. Yet even then I could not summon courage to pronounce the negative which my heart prompted, and which almost rose to my lips. My silence availed me nothing. She took my assent for granted, and left me to Sir Robert; warning us that we had *only* two hours to pass together, and grimly advising us to make the most of it and to be as

happy as possible, and adding as she left the room;

"Under existing circumstances, dear boy, no subject can be so interesting to our dear Charlotte as the annals of the family of which she is about to become a member."

Well did she know the "dear boy" with whom she had to deal! It was the only subject on which he could talk, and for those two mortal hours he kept me listening to the genealogy of the family of Selling! He began at the Selling who came over with William the Conqueror, and he only stopped at his own great-grandfather because the carriage was announced. I had to listen to the names of their wives and children, to their many sins and few virtues; and when the charming butler interrupted us, Sir Robert apologized for leaving his tale incomplete, and promised to send me the rest in his first letter! Oh the ecstasy of seeing them drive off! knowing that for three or four days, until Lady Markham could read her letter, I might dismiss them entirely from my mind! For me there need be no Sellings in the world, for that time at least, and I seized the astonished Harry by both hands, and positively danced around the hall with glee.

Alas! my joy was short-lived. I was stopped in my career by the very butler who, ten minutes before, had appeared to me as an angel of light, and who now assumed to my mind the form of the blackest of demons, as he handed me a note from M. Carl Toolon. That audacious little foreigner informed me that he had been on his way to call on Lady Markham to make mention to her of the engagement which the most charming of mesdemoiselles had been graciously pleased to enter upon with his unworthy self. Hearing, however, at the lodge of the sudden illness of that most venerable and excellent miladi, he did not at the present moment venture to intrude; but he trusted to mademoiselle's kindness to walk herself towards the Brown Beeches that after luncheon towards the three o'clock.

The groan which I uttered on reading this tissue of impertinence would have been worthy of Lady Selling herself. Harry was busy making his dog stand upright, or he must have noticed it. But, oh, to the end of my days I shall bless that boy; for at the precise moment, I may say the crisis of my fate, he exclaimed,

"I say, Lottie, now these people are gone I suppose you really can ride. May I order the horses at half-past two?"

"Yes. Oh, a thousand times yes!" I exclaimed; and at half-past two we started.

"Shall we go to the common?" said I, for once hazarding a suggestion, for I knew that this must take us far from the Brown Beeches. Imagine my horror when he replied:

"Not to day, Lottie, please. Keeper has a dog to show me, and I want to call at his house."

"Keeper! His house was at the very spot I dreaded. There was no remedy, and we cantered off: my one hope being that we should arrive too early."

No such luck. I at once perceived the dreaded figure among the trees, and I entreated Harry not to leave me alone on my horse, in a voice of agony, which only served to amuse him. He went into the house, and Monsieur Carl advanced.

"*Hélas!*" said he; "I am *désolé*. I see that Mademoiselle has not been able to escape from the *cher cousin*."

I felt myself colouring crimson. His sharp eyes were fixed on my face, his hand was on my horse's neck. He went on—

"*Dependant* Mademoiselle can tell me that her heart is unchanged?" And he smote his horrid old coat as he spoke.

He waited for his answer, and that most provoking "Yes" rose once more to my lips. But Harry was seen approaching, and Monsieur Carl continued hurriedly—

"The *cher cousin* returns to his *école* next week, does he not? Thursday, if I mistake me not?"

"Yes," said I once more.

"And *après*," he went on, speaking very quickly and coming very near, "*après*, Mademoiselle shall be free as air—to come—to go—*n'est-ce pas?* and then she shall see once more her poor *dévoûé* Carl."

And my poor *dévoûé* Carl stepped back to lift his hat to Harry, who shook hands with him with all the rough cordiality of an English schoolboy, supposed he was come down again to worry his old pupils, and, vaulting into his saddle, with a "Come on, Lottie," and a cheerful nod to the little drawing-master, extricated me from my most embarrassing position with an unconscious ease which caused me to bless him fervently to myself for the second time that day, as I blushing returned Mons. Carl's profound bow and cantered down the park. And now, my dears, I must tell you that that two hours' ride was the only time of real peace which I passed between my leaving school and my marriage. For two hours I threw off all thought of my annoyances and engagements, and gave myself up to the pleasure of the moment.

I had hardly entered the house before the cloud returned. I saw a gentleman's hat on

the hall-table. I knew that Lady Markham's sister, Miss Max, must have arrived by this time. I knew her to be an old maid without so much as a nephew to assist her through the journeys and railroads of life, and the sight of that hat struck a chill of fear to my heart. It was not a servant's hat. There could be no doubt about it. It was of finest quality, sleek and glossy, with the name of a Bond Street tradesman and an unexceptionable glove inside—for I peeped. I flew to my room, where I passed the time in agonies of perplexity as I thought of the past, and of fearful anticipation as the future, in the shape of the dinner-hour, approached.

The last bell rang. It was necessary to go down. In the drawing-room I found Miss Max, a parrot, and—alas! too truly—a young man. Miss Max was exactly like a squashed toad with a large oval face. The parrot kept saying absurd things, and then looking the other way and pretending it had not said them. The young man was talking with extraordinary rapidity, and he hardly stopped to be introduced to me. He was giving Miss Max a detailed and most minute description of his good management during the journey they had that day accomplished together, which struck me as rather unnecessary. He talked on all dinner-time, and was still talking, principally of himself, when we left the room. In the ten minutes which elapsed before he rejoined us, Miss Max explained to me most graphically the relations which existed between herself, the parrot, and her young man, whose name I may as well here mention was James Kennet.

She informed me that she had been living in a state of original sin until the 23d of August, 18—, at ten minutes past four precisely. At that hour a dear friend had taken her, rather against her will, to listen to the sweet counsel which was expected to fall from the lips of a reformed drunkard. Unfortunately the drunkard was out. His wife believed that he had gone to speak a word in season at the gin-shop round the corner. She went to fetch him, and the friends waited. In the pause which ensued, Miss Max distinctly heard a strange and scarcely human voice exclaim, three times in rapid succession—

"Oh fie! oh fie! oh fie!"

She was immediately struck with a sense of inbred sin, nor was the impression lessened by the discovery that the voice emanated from a parrot in a corner of the room. She went home smitten to the heart, and being a woman of decision, she at once formed two resolutions. First, To purchase

that dear parrot, that her present feelings might be strengthened and sustained, and that by carrying it about with her she might afford to others the same chance of conversion. Secondly, To adopt an orphan, and bring him up to profit by the unusual advantages which the parrot afforded. She had lost no time in carrying out both her resolutions. The parrot was purchased, though at a sacrifice — for strangely enough, on hearing her tale, the poor drunkard confessed that to him too had this wonderful bird rendered the same service, and that he should not feel justified in parting with it unless he had in its stead something which would enable him to do good to his fellow-sinners. Miss Max had hardly liked to offer money to so exalted a character, but the matter had been arranged by a friend, and the parrot was hers. With regard to James Kennet, he was the son of a dear friend, but "he answered quite as well as an orphan," said Miss Max; "the son of a great friend who had known many sorrows — indeed, she might say a dear one who had waded through many seas of affliction, and had come out, oh! with such a sweet character. She had had many sorrows and many sons, and all of them, excepting James, had been very unfortunate, poor dears, in not always doing what they ought. The father, too, had been a great trial." However, Miss Max had adopted James Kennet (she always said the name as one word), and he had been a great comfort to them all. He was a good young man, and had a decided call to the ministry.

Here she left me to see about her dear, angelic sister Markham.

"Oh you wicked, wicked woman!" said I to myself as she closed the door. "When you actually might go about quite harmless, with neither son, nephew, or cousin to torment poor young heiresses, and make them ready to cry with being proposed to and saying 'Yes,' whether they like it or not — when you might even be somebody to help one say 'No,' — you must needs go out of your way to adopt a person and put an end to one's peace."

You will see by this, my dears, how terribly conscious I had become of my own attractions as an heiress — but you know I had heard enough about it all my life, both at Markham Hall and at Uncle Jack's. It did me no harm, for I was sharp enough to see that it was for no merits of my own that I was sought.

James Kennet hardly left me five minutes to myself and my anger. He came in alone, for Harry was gone out. He came in talking, and he talked on until ten o'clock, when

Miss Max came down to say that she was not coming down at all that evening, and that we had better all go to bed. In that interval he had given me his whole history, and that of his family, every member of which appeared to have disgraced himself more or less; while ingratitude and backwardness to acknowledge the infinite superiority of their James characterized them all to a very great degree; but more especially, perhaps, his mother, who, though an excellent woman, never could be prevailed on to look up to him as a guide and teacher. My head ached with his rattle, and I even gave a sigh of almost regret as I thought of Sir Robert's far more dignified though wearisome tale of his ancestry. One thing I rejoiced to hear; Miss Max could not stay one moment longer than Monday morning. This was Thursday, and I could not but feel hopeful. There was nothing in James Kennet's manner to show that he wished to make himself agreeable to me. On the contrary, he required a great deal of attention; though he certainly paid it to himself very nicely. I did not think he could propose in the time. Still it was well to be prepared, and when I was in bed that night, and dear old Molly Mowbray (for Lady Markham had a real Molly) was arranging my room, the bright idea struck me of asking her advice on the subject.

"Molly, dear," said I, going to the point at once, "how did you help marrying?"

"How did I help it, my dear?" said she, rather puzzled at the form of speech I had chosen.

"Well, I mean how did you manage not to marry in all these years? Somebody must have asked you that you wanted to say 'No' to. How did you manage it?"

"By the help of the Lord, and my own good sense, my dear," said old Molly sententiously. "I had my chances as well as others, but thank the Lord I got out of 'em all."

"Well, but *how*?" I persisted. "Come and sit near me, and tell me all about it."

"My dear," said Molly, seating herself by my bedside, "the way it happened was this. My father was a bad man, and my mother, poor dear, had a sad life of it; so when I shut the door after those that carried him off to his grave, I said to myself, 'You're the last of the sort I'll have to do with,' and I kept my word. When my mother sobbed and cried, poor dear, I told her not to fret; for, to my mind, when they'd put *him* under ground, they'd put a deal of trouble in a very little hole. She wouldn't listen to me, so she followed him before a month was gone by. This made

me more resolved than ever. I wasn't going dying for any man, and it's 'No,' to the end of the chapter."

"But, Molly," said I, "suppose something seems to rise up to your lips, and make you say 'Yes' when in your heart you are saying 'No' quite loud all the time."

"I can't suppose any such nonsense, my dear. If you want to say 'No,' there's nothing more than the saying of it. It's a different job when the heart's saying 'Yes,' as plain as it can, and for all that you're resolved it shall be 'No.' But there's a way of getting out of that too, my dear."

"What way, Molly?" asked I, anxious to glean every information. "Did that ever happen to you?"

"Ay, my dear, that it did, and not so very long after my poor mother's death. I was in service, and there came an uncommonly nice young man. He had something to do with one of those Homœopathic Churches — was it Puseyite or Homœopathic, I mean? I never can remember, my dear. One is the sugar-plum medicines, and the other is the dressed-up churches, and I'm not clear which is which."

Being set right on that point, she went on. "Well, my dear, he was the most civil spoken young man I ever met with, and he was very particular in his attentions, and my heart failed me when I thought of sending him off. Indeed I knew I never could do it, so I hit on a plan which I never heard mention of before, but a rare good one it is. I just looked beyond him, my dear."

"Looked beyond him, Molly?" exclaimed I. "What can you mean?"

"Why, my dear, take, say an inch and a half above their heads when they're talking. Fix your eye there, and there's not one in ten can stand it for more than half an hour. It is a little strain to the eyes, to be sure, but, but — bless you, it's every bit worth it. You just seem as if you didn't know they was there. Poor Jem! He was gone in no time, and I went upstairs and cried like to break my heart. And I might have had him if I had had the looking on of the next few years, for he married Sally Smith, and made a good husband after all."

This was a brilliant idea, and a novel. I made a mental note to try the experiment at the very first opportunity. But it was well to gain all I could from the wealth of resource which Molly's experience afforded.

"Are there any other ways?" I asked, with an increasing feeling of safety.

"Well, my dear, yes. There was another young man, to be sure, who took more trouble than poor Jem. But it wasn't so

hard either, for my heart was all against him," replied Molly, who was never so happy as in relating the past events of her life. "I looked beyond him for twenty minutes by the kitchen clock, and he went away laughing, and saying he'd be even with me yet. Next day he came again. I was alone in the kitchen trimming my Sunday bonnet."

"Well, Molly," said he, "how are you to-night?"

"I made no answer, and never so much as looked up."

"You wasn't over kind to me last night," said he, and waited.

"Dear me!" said I, as sudden as I could. "I haven't got the fashion right yet. I know Miss Palmer had the bows all to the left on Sunday."

"Miss Palmer was the great lady of our village, and us girls all dressed as like her as we could."

"Dear, dear!" said I, "all this must come out." I took to undoing my work.

"Molly," said he, and I knew by his voice he was vexed, "why won't you listen to me?"

"There!" said I, paying no more attention to him than a post, "that'll do." And I got up and put the bonnet on before the glass, and I turned it this way and that, and talked on out loud about the trimming and the setting of it, till I saw him stamp his feet with rage.

"Molly," said he, ready to cry with vexation, "it's very hard you can't give a fellow an answer."

"Now if ever I longed to take notice it was then, my dear; for I had given him his answer days back, and it was a 'No,' as loud as the church bells, and clearer, so to speak. But I held my tongue on that, and talked on of my bonnet, till at last he got up, and with one whisk he tore it off my head, and flung it on the kitchen floor, and stamped upon it."

"Dear me!" said I, as cool as could be, looking round about two inches past him; "how uncommonly high the wind is to-night, to be sure." And I went back to my chair and took up some sewing, and began to hum a tune. He was gone before I had time to think of it, my dear, and I never saw him more, but I heard that he did marry, and his wife died of a broken heart, as they most times do in this world."

This was less hopeful for me. I saw no means of availing myself of this course of proceeding, and I anxiously asked, "Are there no other ways, Molly? I wish you could remember any particular answer you made."

"Well, my dear, most times a sharp answer is best."

"Ah, but the words, Molly," I persisted. "Tell me exactly what you said."

"Well, my dear, Mr. White of the mill, when he came about courting me, he was very low, and I remember of his telling me one day that he felt he should go wrong in the head if I would not have him. 'Lor,' said I, 'if you've any inclination that way, you'd better do it alone, for I don't want to be mixed up in it.' He didn't call for some days after that, but next time he spoke very serious. 'Molly,' said he, 'there's a merri-ness and cheeriness about you as would just suit me.' 'But it suits me so well myself, Mr. White,' said I, 'that I don't look to part with it.' And after that, my dear, he never came again."

And Molly left me to ponder on the possibility of meeting James Kennet's proposal, if it came, with a like reply. If he would but put it in the form required! If he would but say, "Miss Benson, there are some thousands about you that would just suit me!" it would be so easy to make my curtsy and say, "Thank you, sir, they suit me too, and I wish to keep them."

Next morning I felt rather ashamed of myself. I began to think that I had been very foolish. Probably James Kennet did not even know that I was an heiress. And if he did? Surely every man was not in want of money — and he so good, so exalted a character!

After breakfast I experienced a slight return of nervousness, however, for I found that he intended to devote himself to me during the whole of his stay at Markham. He told me so very plainly. He strove, he said, never to throw away opportunities, and he felt that he might be of service to me. He hoped that I would open my mind to him, as if I experienced any religious difficulties he should be glad to remove them. He had been in Holy Orders three months, and in that time — nay, before — had been instrumental in assisting many a wretched sinner through the perils with which we are surrounded. All this he said as fast as it was possible to speak, while he stood with the door in his hand on our leaving the breakfast-room. I own that I escaped at once to my room, and carefully locking myself in, went through a rehearsal of Molly's suggestions, proposing to myself in a riding-hat and Harry's boating-jacket to give reality to the scene; and rapidly dropping both as I boldly pronounced the negative, which in solitude I found it possible to utter, with my eyes fixed on the glass an inch above my own head. But, after all,

I returned to the drawing-room with a wretched sense of weakness.

Unfortunately, it was a wet day; and as Harry was out and Miss Max devoted herself to Lady Markham, I was doomed to the society of James Kennet and the parrot, excepting at the times when, by Miss Max's express desire, the latter was taken down to the servants' hall that they might benefit by the words which fell from its beak. Those words I must remark, *en passant*, were a strange medley of scraps of texts and the remnants of what it had learned with its master, the reformed drunkard — probably before that person was reformed.

These two days were indeed days of dreariness to me. Even had I time, I could not bring myself to repeat the tenor of James Kennet's conversation. It bore the stamp of the party to which he belonged, and it was a severe tax on taste, patience, and temper to listen to him.

Sunday was marked by three events. First: In the morning James Kennet preached in our parish church, and he preached principally of his father and mother and brothers; at least his sermon was about ungrateful wretches, unprincipled reprobates and hard-hearted sinners: and after the insight he had afforded me into his family history, I could not but divine the source from whence his eloquence was derived. Secondly: In the afternoon, the rain continuing with a steady down-pour, James Kennet read aloud to us from three to half-past five, and the book was, "Ten Sermons on the Evils that are in the World, and on various other Topics," by Rev. J. Joachim Zollikoffer. Thirdly: In the evening James Kennet proposed to me. I had been completely thrown off my guard by the peculiar tone of his conversation. Though thinking him an intense bore, I had really believed in his wish to "convert" me — an expression frequently in his mouth — and when a long, and to me most bewildering speech, suddenly culminated in the suggestion that my money and his excellence united would do more good to the benighted heathen in England than any other possible combination, I really was so startled that I had uttered the fatal assent before the recollection of my intention of adopting Molly's plan of "looking beyond" flashed upon my memory. After that it was of course useless — nay, worse; for, after I had painfully endeavoured to keep my eyes fixed, as nearly as I could judge, an inch and a half above his head for the space of five or ten minutes, while he talked on in the same strain, I felt myself completely checkmated by his remark that he was glad to see me in

on this, the most momentous occasion of my life, that elevation of soul and spirit which was most befitting one destined to be the wife of a man who, though himself a vile sinner, was resolved to cast aside all worldly things and devote himself to the great work of —. But I will not finish his speech. You can all imagine it. Had he known how many of these momentous occasions I had experienced that week, he would not perhaps have uttered it.

I should think that the sentence in which he presented me to Miss Max and the parrot as his intended, must have been the longest ever composed by man or — beast, I was about to say; but, of course, you know that I mean woman. She received me with joy; but my heart echoed the "Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie!" to which the far more congenial parrot gave utterance at the moment. Miss Max excused herself for taking away her — now my — James Kennet at such a moment; but he, and, I suppose, the parrot, were looked for at a missionary meeting in Scotland the very next day, and "she well knew that neither James Kennet nor his sweet little friend" (meaning me) "would for a moment dream of setting aside a duty." Et-cetera, et-cetera, will do for the rest of that sentence too, my dears.

I saw Miss Max and her two adopteds drive off with hardly the slightest feeling of relief, and I crept up to my room to survey with horror my position.

At that moment, being Monday, June 23d, at ten o'clock, I, having left school rather more than three weeks, was engaged to no less than three men, not one of whom had I ever seen or heard of before I left the happy security of your roof, dear Madame. Miss Max had undertaken to return my James Kennet to me by one o'clock on Thursday. On that very day Mons. Carl Toolou had promised that I should see him again; and I doubted not that he would be as good as his word, while I could not but be conscious that even now letters were speeding all over the country announcing my engagement to Sir Robert Selling; nay, worse, such letters must already have been read at many a breakfast-table; and in a few hours these fatal documents might at any house encounter others as fatal, containing the news that I had pledged my faith to James Kennet. Sooner or later it must all be known; and oh, which of them all would find me first and marry me? I trembled to think that Mons. Carl was probably lingering in the neighbourhood, and that he might at any moment appear and carry me off. I trem-

bled still more as I gazed at the letter I held in my hand, and which I had not yet opened, but which I knew too well must be from Sir Robert, from the great armorial seal of the Sellings figured on the outside. Nor was I in any degree calmed as I thought of that other letter, which I still retained — the one from Lady Selling to Lady Markham. I could conscientiously say that the latter had never been well enough to receive it, yet the possession of it was a terror to me, no less than the idea of what must be the result of delivering it; and that, I knew, must soon be done. Altogether, I was more thoroughly unhappy than I could well endure, and I longed even for the German verbs, and all the other troubles of my dear school days. At length I turned to Sir Robert's letter. It was, more correctly speaking, a packet; but it did contain two letters, although the chief portion of the huge envelope was taken up by a most beautifully emblazoned miniature pedigree of the Sellings. As a work of art it was a treasure; as a lover's first gift it was a curiosity. His letter was lengthy, consisting almost entirely of notes and observations on the enclosure. A few sentences at the end evidently furnished by his mother, informed me that "he was anxiously expecting to hear of Lady Markham's perfect restoration to health, the more so as he could not but hope that the news would be followed by an invitation to return to the Hall. Business, however, would take him into our neighbourhood during the ensuing week, when he hoped that, even should Lady Markham continue too ill to receive him, a few hours of the society of his dearest Charlotte would not be denied him. On Thursday at latest he hoped to see me. It might be even earlier in the week."

A cast-iron note from Lady Selling completed the packet. She began, "My dear Girl!" in very large letters; she hoped I had faithfully delivered her letter to her dear friend ere this; promised to be a mother to me; advised me to purchase "A Great-grandmother's Letters to Young Wives," and to include a very large assortment of boots in my trousseau, as boots were all the better for keeping two or three years — fourteen pairs would not be too many; and concluded by desiring me not to lose a post in replying to Sir Robert's letter, as they were about leave their present address; signing herself in letters of gigantic size, "ONE who is ready to welcome you into the bosom of her family," as if she feared I might take her name to be legion.

You will hardly credit that I was foolish enough to believe that her commands must

be obeyed. The possibility of neglecting them never for a moment occurred to me, and I sat down to my writing-table with a heavy heart. How many hours I spent over that, the first and only love-letter I ever indited, I should be at a loss to tell you. It was pain and grief to me; and the trouble it cost me has impressed every line — nay, almost every word — on my memory. It was as follows: —

"DEAR SIR ROBERT, — I hope you are quite well. Thank you for your letter, and your mother's letter, and the pedigree."

So far so good. That was the conventional beginning; though I own I had to fetch the dictionary to find out the number of *e*'s due to "pedigree," also whether it required two *d*'s or *g*'s, or only one of each. Then came a full stop. In vain I sought inspiration in a review of all that had passed during his fatal visit, in vain I sent my memory further back over the whole course of my school-life. I was as guiltless of ideas as Sir Robert himself. I was even at the trouble of fetching Hume from the library, and of glancing over a few of the pages he had read to me, hoping that some association would suggest the matter of at least one sentence for the rapidly-drying ink in my pen. In vain I read and re-read both letters, until at length I discovered in the envelope a few words in Lady Selling's handwriting which had hitherto escaped my observation.

"My dear Charlotte will not fail to tell me all that is going on at the Hall, and who is staying in the house."

"All that is going on." I lifted my eyes to the open window, and I saw Harry and the keepers actively engaged in buck-catching. Happy thought! Beautiful coincidence! Without a moment's delay, I wrote: "They are catching bucks in the park. Harry is riding Grey Bob, Keeper Toby, and young Jack Peggy. It seems a pretty sight." Then, remembering Sir Robert's predilection for old families, I added triumphantly, "Keeper has lived forty years in the family. He says he can remember four Lord Markhams, but Molly Mowbray says she is sure he cannot. Young Jack will be forty-three next birthday. He is his son."

This, written very large and "sprawley," to use a school word, covered three sides of the paper, and I had only to add, "Nobody is here, and Lady Markham keeps the same," to find myself at the end of my task. The consideration as to the proper mode of signing myself indeed remained. It occupied me some time, for I had to consult many works of fiction before I could decide;

amongst others, "Camille," "Sir Charles Grandison," and "The Castle of Otranto." No more modern novels were to be found in that house. After some hesitation between no other signature than the initials, following an abrupt conclusion, and the long winding up of "grateful humble servant," which seemed the only choice afforded me, I satisfied myself with the following: "With respectful humble duty to your mother, I am, Sir, yours, C. B."

I had hardly finished, and was still gazing at my work and my inkly fingers, for you all remember the results of my letter-writing days at school, when Molly came into my room. Like a dear old Molly as she was, she began to scold me for my untidiness, adding: —

"You won't be fit to be seen by the company to-night, my dear."

"Company!" I exclaimed, in sudden alarm. "Who is coming?"

"Have they never told you, my dear? Why, Mrs. Fawkes, to be sure. Miss Mary as was."

I clapped my hands with delight. Mary Fawkes was Lady Markham's only child. She had married young, but I had seen much of her, and she had always been kind to me.

"Cousin Mary has no sons at all, has she, Molly?" said I, in a tone which almost defied her to impute such cruelty to Mrs. Fawkes. "And I know she cannot have a nephew, for she has always been dear Lady Markham's only child. And Cousin Mary would never, never, *adopt* anybody, would she, Molly?" I asked anxiously, as the possibility of such an event occurred to me.

"Adopt anybody! Why, bless the child, what is she thinking of? What need has she to go about adopting, my dear, when she's got her own Miss Rosey at her side?"

"And is Rosey coming too?" said I, beginning my favourite dance of triumph about the room. "Rosey left school, and coming to be 'out' with me?"

"Of course she's coming, my love, and young Lord Kingsley, too, and Mr. Dow."

Here my dance became a perfect hurricane of delight, for these were the oldest of old friends. Arthur Kingsley, a cousin of the Markhams, and like myself an orphan, had been my playfellow in many happy days at Markham and at Uncle Jack's; while Mr. Dow was also an *habitué* of both houses, and having always been very old indeed, forty at the very least, had petted and made much of me from my very babyhood.

They came. I met them in the hall, radiant with glee; but the first meeting was slightly clouded with disappointment. Cousin Mary, it is true, was unchanged, and Rosey had merely become taller, prettier, and more *distingué* than in past days. Arthur Kingsley, too, was the same. He had never known a day's health, poor boy, and at one-and-twenty was as slight and delicate in appearance as he had been at sixteen. But the alteration in Mr. Dow was so extraordinary that I could hardly keep my eyes from him, and I passed the first few hours after their arrival in that perplexed state which one experiences on waking from a vivid dream, to find things are not what they seemed.

He was decidedly younger than he had been; in fact he was almost a young man; and he treated me with a civility and attention which kept constantly before my mind the fact of my being a grown-up young lady, and no longer the merry child with whom he used to run races on the terraces at Markham, and to whom he had once given sixpence for holding her tongue for ten minutes consecutively. He even called me Miss Benson, whereas Arthur treated me with the same brotherly familiarity as of old, and yet I had seen neither of them for two years.

I suppose I dressed rather early that evening, for when I went downstairs the drawing-room was tenanted by but one individual. That one was a stranger. As I opened the door I was startled by the sound of a strange but peculiarly pleasing voice. I paused involuntarily in the doorway, and heard as follows:—

"Bringing the whole powers of the mind to bear on the given point, we cannot fail to perceive that above the stalagmite other remains of Celtic, British, Roman, and still later dates, occur. McEnery has it that the flint instruments had been really covered by the stalagmite. The extinct hyæna. . ."

Here the speaker, who was walking up and down the room with his hands behind his back, approached so close that he could not fail to perceive me. He stopped, gazing at me for a full minute with an air of extreme perplexity, and then glancing round the room, and passing his hand across his forehead, said in a rapid tone of apologetic inquiry:—

"Will you oblige me with the day of the week, month, and year; also of the locality and any other circumstances of note?"

"Monday, June 23, 18—, Markham Hall," said I much amused; adding, "I don't think there are any circumstances at all."

He bowed, and resumed his walk in silence, though I think I once more heard him mutter, "Bringing the whole powers of the mind to concentrate on the given point." I gazed at him in amused wonder. He was a tall man, with a head of peculiar form, and large dreamy blue eyes, which constantly reminded me of Molly's plan of "looking beyond." And yet, my dears, I have seen those eyes grow almost black with concentrated determination when there has been a wrong to redress, or a task of difficulty to perform. And I have seen them light up with more than womanly kindness when his heart has been touched with the sorrows of others. There was the same twofold character about the mouth, the wavering uncertain lines of which, to a casual observer, would denote an undecided though a peculiarly sweet temper. Yet there were times when the wavering line became one expressive of firmest decision and resolve.

I do not pretend to have discovered all this at once, my dears; but you will pardon me for dwelling on peculiarities which I have learnt in years of happiness.

Mr. Fawkes introduced him to me as Colonel Solmes. During the next two days I had a great deal of most complicated feeling. I could have been almost happy, but the thought, the goading thought, of my three engagements, and of the too-rapid approach of the fatal Thursday which must bring about a *dénouement* of a most embarrassing description. I really believe that any other girl must have fallen ill with the worry, and that only my inveterate light-heartedness and power of living in the present and of throwing off trouble enabled me to bear up, and even to a certain degree to enjoy myself. Even I could not, however, entirely forget the possibility of Sir Robert's appearance at any moment, nor could I help casting glances of fear at every advancing figure during our walks, drives, and rides; especially in the direction of the Brown Beeches and the village, where I doubted not Mons. Carl awaited the departure of the *cher cousin*. Indeed, I was not safe for a moment. Lady Selling might hear of the now rapid improvement in Lady Markham's health, and might descend upon me; or she might write, either direct to Lady Markham or to Cousin Mary, and peremptorily demand why I had not yet been seen in London ordering my fourteen pairs of boots. Moreover, it had occurred to me that I might have committed myself to an unknown extent by answering Sir Robert's letter; and bitterly did I repent the precipitancy of that action. Had I but

lingered! Had I but deferred writing for a few days! How did I know that they might not now drag me into a real court of justice, and on the strength of that unlucky letter oblige me to marry Sir Robert? At the best it had given him an unfair advantage over the others.

I watched the post with the greatest anxiety. I gazed daily at the letters still in my possession, and daily I told myself that dear Lady Markham must not yet be troubled with it. I had at first really intended to confide all my troubles to Cousin Mary, but I found it impossible. She was much occupied with her mother and her duties as hostess, and I lacked alike opportunity and courage. Had she tried to draw me out, I believe that I should have told her all. I am glad that she did not. In that case I should never have married Colonel Solmes.

Arthur Kingsley had one of his attacks of illness on the Tuesday, and I was much employed in waiting on him. We played at Fox and Goose, and looked at pictures, and I made tea for him, brought him flowers, and surreptitiously introduced his dog into the drawing-room; and we amused ourselves like two children as we were. All the time Colonel Solmes was writing, examining musty books, and bringing his mind to bear on a given point at a table in a corner of the same room. He was as clever as eccentric, and ought never to have been a soldier. His great hobby was geology, and he was writing a book on "The Antiquity of Man." Rosey told me this, adding that though he was horribly stupid and absent, she believed that he was better and cleverer than anybody else in the world, besides knowing all the books that ever were written, and being perfectly idolized by his regiment.

I was strangely attracted by him, and I think a little piqued by his utter disregard of me. I had been so accustomed to be the object of attention that I felt injured. But he treated everybody just the same; living to all appearance in a world of his own.

During the whole of that Tuesday I believe I attended far more to him than to Arthur. I know I never failed to hear the request to be informed the day of the week, month, and year, together with the locality and any other circumstances of note, a habit into which he had fallen; and more than once I assisted him to search for a particular book, for his ink, pen, gloves, stick, and other things which he was always losing or misplacing. He rewarded me at length by a kind smile which brought the tears to my eyes, and I remember well wishing that

night that my father had lived, and had been exactly like Colonel Solmes. It would have been so nice to have waited on him. I would not let Arthur laugh at him.

Meantime I had speedily become used to the change in Mr. Dow's manners and was quite at my ease with him. We talked and laughed, and probably flirted all that evening with the intimacy of old friendship, and I even told him that I had fancied him much older than he was.

There was to be a party on Wednesday. Lady Markham was really well again. Arthur was much better, but was not to leave his sofa. Rosey, Mr. Dow, and I were to take a long ride, and Colonel Solmes was to write as usual.

I went into the drawing-room with my habit on, to sit with Arthur for ten minutes before the horses came. I had been hurrying to do so, but the time was less pleasant than I expected. All the books and papers at the corner table were ready, but Colonel Solmes was not there. I sat down by Arthur in silence. He was in high spirits, unusually high. He asked me to do several things for him, and then said—

"Lottie, how uncommonly nice it would be to have you to nurse one always. I've been thinking that I don't a bit mind being ill when I've got you. I wish you were not going out this morning."

"So do I," said I with a sigh, looking towards the distant table.

"No; but do you really though, Lottie?" said the boy, raising himself on his elbow with a look of delight which I scarcely appreciated at the time. "Do you really mean that you had rather be here than out riding?"

"Of course I do, Arthur," said I, almost impatiently, for the time was passing rapidly, and Colonel Solmes had not made his appearance.

"How kind you are," said he, leaning his thin white cheek on his hand. "I do like you better than anybody in the world, Lottie. There's nobody so awfully jolly as you are. Why shouldn't you really be my little wife, as we used to settle in fun years ago? You should have everything in the world you like. Lots of dogs, and riding, and all that. Will you, Lottie? Kingsley Manor is so lonely with only Mr. Dudley," added the poor boy, pitifully.

"Poor Arthur!" said I, touched for the moment. "I should like to see Kingsley. It must be dull; but what fun we could have there," I added, with an effort at consoling him, and without attaching any real meaning to his question.

"Then you will say 'Yes?' You really

mean it, Lottie? You will be my wife, Lottie, won't you?" said he, eagerly.

"Oh yes, of course, Arthur. You know that has all been settled long ago," said I, vaguely, for at this moment Colonel Solmes entered the room. But alas! Rosey and Mr. Dow followed, and the horses were announced. Arthur Kingsley squeezed my hand till it ached; and Rosey remarked, as we left the room, how much better he was looking.

Just before dressing-time Rosey danced into my room, and rapturously embraced me.

"What is it, dear Rosey?" said I.

"What, Lottie? Why, you dear, darling, delicious little deceiver! Why did you never tell me that you are actually engaged to be married? Oh how wonderful it sounds, and how I wish it were me! Only I should not like him at all," replied Rosey still in a paroxysm of delight.

I positively sat down in deadly terror. Which of my three engagements had she discovered? Who was coming to claim me before the fatal Thursday?

"Speak quickly, Rosey," said I breathlessly; "what do you mean?"

"Oh, Lottie!" said she, half vexed.

"How can you pretend so? You know you are engaged to Arthur Kingsley."

"Am I?" said I, in utter bewilderment, for the morning conversation, having been regarded by me simply as a continuation of our childish intercourse, had completely passed out of my mind.

"Are you?" said she, hardly less astonished. "Why, of course you know you are. He has just told me all about it. And I am to be sure not to tell Mamma or anybody till to-morrow, because he wants to tell her himself. He has been watching for an opportunity all day, but that horrid Colonel Solmes has never left the room. Why, Lottie, you must be dreaming! You know you are engaged to him."

"So I am!" I exclaimed, as the recollection of what had passed in the morning flashed upon me, together with the horrible conviction that his twenty-one years and my seventeen made it impossible to regard it wholly, or at all in the light of child's play. "So I am!" I repeated slowly, "and I really think I must be dreaming, as you say."

"You fanny girl!" laughed Rosey, as she left me to dress for dinner. "I suppose one's first proposal does rather turn one's head. Don't be late to dinner, dear, or that horrid Colonel Solmes will take you in. He is sure to be late."

But I was late, and meeting Colonel Solmes at the door he did take me in, and

sat near me, and though we hardly spoke I was as happy as the thought of poor Arthur at his invalid tea in the next room would allow.

There was a very large party, and many came in the evening. Mrs. Fawkes liked gaiety, and promoted it. Lady Markham came down for a short time. There was dancing and music. I contrived to keep as far as possible from Arthur's sofa, and for some time was thoroughly engaged. At length I found myself alone in a corner of the room; and as I looked round on the gay scene my heart died within me as I thought of the morrow, and even asked myself if it could be possible that in all that crowd no one had already heard of any of my engagements. My alarm grew to such an height that I meditated stealing away to bed, when a servant approached. I felt at that moment that it was all over with me. I doubted not that I was to be called upon to answer for four engagements; and that Monsieur Carl, Sir Robert, and James Kennet were all sitting in awful judgment by the side of Arthur's sofa, ready to denounce me publicly.

"His lordship would be much obliged to you to step this way, ma'am," was the civil translation of the boyish command for my presence which I doubted not Arthur had sent. I obeyed. Arthur was surrounded. Old and young vied in attempts to please and amuse him, and it was with difficulty that he had found a moment to send the message. Young ladies were showing him engravings; old ones were anxiously enquiring after his health. Through all his eye sought mine, and his pale face lit up with a brilliant smile as I approached. He said very little, however, and Mr. Dow coming up almost directly to ask me to dance, I went off, cut to the heart with the most bitter self-reproach I had ever experienced, and feeling that to my dying day I should never forget that look of poor Arthur Kingsley's.

I did forget it in ten minutes, however. Dancing and Mr. Dow's amusing conversation occupied all the attention I could spare from the wonder as to what had become of Colonel Solmes, who had disappeared.

After that dance we wandered into the library, which was deserted by all save our two selves. Various books of engravings were lying about on the different tables, and we lighted upon one which had been an old favourite of mine in days gone by. I reminded him how often he had told me stories about the pictures, adding with a laugh, "I almost think I should like to hear them now."

"Should you?" said he eagerly. "Do you wish for the old times over again?" No," he immediately added, "I cannot echo that wish. To me the present days are far, far better."

"Do you think so?" said I, with a sigh, as I thought of my many perplexities.

"Can you think otherwise?" said he. "Surely our present enjoyments are of a higher nature. Surely the intercourse of mind with mind must be better than the mere amusements of childhood."

"But there was nothing to trouble one then," said I sadly.

"And I hope you have not very much to trouble you now," said he, with a smile.

"Ah, but indeed I have. I have had such dreadful, dreadful trials. Oh such troubles, that there never was anything like it," said I, feeling something of the relief of even a partial confession.

"Indeed!" said he in evident surprise.

"I was not aware —"

"And I am in dreadful, dreadful distress now," interrupted I. I really believe I had more than half an idea even then of confiding all my griefs to him. He was such a very old friend, and though he did look so much younger than I had expected, I had gradually resumed my old feeling of looking up to him as to some one of almost venerable antiquity.

"In such dreadful, dreadful distress!" he echoed, in extreme astonishment. "I am indeed grieved. I cannot tell you how you pain me. Is there no way in which you can be helped? Is there nothing I could do?"

"Oh yes, yes, yes!" I exclaimed excitedly. "If you would—I really do think you might—I do think I could trust you before anybody in the world," and in my fancy I saw him dismissing the whole array of Carls, Sellings, and Kennets, explaining to Arthur that we were only children still, and reinstating me in my former freedom.

"Yes, I am sure I could trust you," I repeated.

"You are right," said he, in a low voice which trembled slightly. "You are indeed right. You may trust me. And you will give me the right to protect you through these trials, Charlotte?"

He had taken my hand, and was pouring out an ardent declaration of attachment before I had recovered my senses. He had loved me from my early childhood. Yes—for once—for the first time I listened to the eloquence of true real love, and I felt its power. With a low startled cry I wrung my hand from his grasp and fled I knew not whither. I believe I intended to seek my

own room, but meeting the servants in the passage I turned aside, and darting into the conservatory, sunk on the floor, and burst into a paroxysm of tears. This was the climax of my woe. In future I could trust no one, confide in no one. Everybody proposed to me. I was alone for ever.

My own convulsive sobbing at first prevented me from perceiving that the conservatory was not as entirely deserted as I had imagined, but becoming aware of this fact, as by degrees my excitement grew less violent, I peeped through the foliage which surrounded me, and perceived Colonel Solmes pacing up and down as usual, talking to himself. I held my breath to listen, and this, as far as I can recollect, was what I heard, though, if I make nonsense of it, you must forgive me.

"Sir Charles Lyell, however, told me himself that he is of opinion that we may one day discover the remains of man in these deposits. Now, concentrating the whole powers of the mind on the given point, we recognize three distinct species of fossil elephants in these pre-glacial forest beds.

"The *Elephas primigenius* or Mammoth — contemporary in a later period with man.

"The *Elephas antiquus*, also contemporary in a later period with man.

"The *Elephas meridionalis*, confined to the earlier deposits, and not known to be contemporary with man.

"Now, the *Mastodon giganteus* —" An involuntary sob here arrested his steps, and he looked round with a puzzled air; pronounced his usual formula — the demand for the day, month, year, locality, and other circumstances of note, and then catching sight of my white dress, and eyes glistening with tears, through the dark leaves of the passion-flower, which half-concealed me, as I crouched behind the frame-work, he rapidly advanced towards me, exclaiming in dreary amazement:

"Bringing the whole powers of the mind. . . . What do I see?"

Apparently he mistook me for a mastodon, or a fourth species of the *Elephas*. At least he could not have looked more bewildered had he discovered a specimen of that nature in my place on the floor of the conservatory.

He gazed. I sobbed. "Surely," said he at length, and the dreamy look began to fade from his eyes, and for the first time I witnessed that rallying of power in lip and eye to which I have before alluded. "Surely this is the child who has treated me with such kind consideration during the

last few days. And can sorrow cloud that happy face?"

My sobs redoubled, and he seated himself on the flower-bench by my side, and began to talk as one would to a child in distress.

"Calm yourself, my child," said he, gravely but kindly.

"I'm not a child at all," said I, spasmodically between my sobs; "I'm dreadfully grown up, and I'm very wretched; and there's no good asking anybody to help me."

"Let me help you," said he simply, taking my hand and stroking it gently. "Let me see if we cannot find a way out of this terrible sorrow;" and he gave me one of his rare, grave smiles.

It was wonderful how calm I grew; how safe I felt with my hand in his. How it happened I know not, but I told him all my sorrows, from the very first meeting with Mons. Carl Toolou down to the last episode which had just taken place in the library.

I wish I could hope to convey to you a just idea of the way in which this extraordinary man received my incoherent tale. At first he was evidently perplexed at the discovery that I was not the mere child he had imagined. He even let my hand fall; but as my tale proceeded, and with my very genuine distress touched him with pity, he once more placed it between his own, while his eye deepened and darkened with kindly sympathy. Still stroking my hand, when I ceased speaking, he said with great deliberation (he always spoke very slowly, or with the most unusual rapidity) —

"I have, I fear, little experience in these matters, but I cannot but think your tale must be of a most unusual nature."

He paused; he pondered deeply; he even rose, and once more commenced pacing up and down the tessellated pavement. I almost dreaded to hear of the extinct hyæna, so long did he continue in deep thought.

"Of most unusual nature" . . . repeated he at length, "that in less than four weeks one young lady should receive no less than five proposals of marriage, and should fail, utterly and entirely fail, in declining any one of them; although, as I understand, most anxious to do so. Here must exist some curious mental peculiarity. This total inability to pronounce a negative under any circumstances whatever, might surely have been conquered by judicious training in very early youth. Even now it would be a question of interest whether" . . .

"I should have had to say it so very often," said I, with another sob. "There wasn't one who came that had the common

civility not to want to marry me, except you and Harry."

He had stopped to listen. He started as I mentioned him. A new idea had struck him. He resumed his walk.

"Me!" he repeated. "Me! And why not I? . . . True, the idea is new . . . a child, a mere child; and yet not a child. She tells me she is grown up. Probably I should never find any one more so. Decidedly for myself I should ever fail to make the discovery. To my eyes they are all children until they merge into old age." . . .

Again he paused, and passed his hand over his forehead.

"It has totally escaped my memory," said he, "but surely I came to England for the express purpose of seeking a wife! Assuredly this must be the case; and yet I have allowed the time to slip by, and if I mistake not but a small portion of my leave can remain. Let me pause. Let me think. Setting myself on one side; bringing the whole powers of the mind to concentrate on the given point, what course should she pursue? What can be done to extricate her from her embarrassments? Clearly, her circumstances are, I take it, exceptional. The remedy must be the same. I doubt — I doubt the power of man to unravel the skein of entanglement in which she is involved, in any other way. Yes; it follows. As long as she remains here and unmarried, she will never be free from the annoyances which her mental peculiarities render her totally incapable of meeting."

This was not flattering. "I'm sure I should not give any trouble at all to anybody, if they'd only leave off proposing to me," said I, in another sob; "and I don't think I have any mental peculiarity at all."

He looked at me fixedly. "Concentrating the whole power of the mind on the given point, the position I take to be this. Required for her, a trustworthy person to extricate her from her difficulties. For me, a wife. By marrying her, I should set her free. Now, the question arises, could I make her happy? Would she not, child as she is, pine and fret, and probably droop with only the companionship of —"

"Oh no, no, no, no, no!" cried I, "I never fret and pine, and I don't know how to droop. I'm sure I should be very happy, and I always know the day of the week, and month, and year, and all about everything."

It was done, my dears! I had pronounced the negative, and yet in doing so, I had accepted one more to add to my already too long list. But my heart had found its home, and I was happy. It was dreadfully undig-

nified, of course, but I cared very little for that; for, I repeat, I was happy. I knew, moreover, that he would never remember the circumstances of our engagement, any more than the day of the week, month, or year in which it took place. We sat there, I cannot tell how long, among the gently falling blossoms of the jessamine, and the sad dark foliage of the passion-flower.

One more little paroxysm of suffering, or rather of excitement, I had to pass through when he proposed that we should go at once and tell Cousin Mary. He had already forgotten my perplexities. I stopped him with a vehement flow of words; and after some consideration, and bringing his mind to bear on the given point—as I impudently advised him to do—he remembered that at the first moment that the idea of marrying me himself had occurred to him, it had been coupled with the conviction that it must of necessity be a case of running away. In point of fact it was quite an exceptional case. We should not be running away to be married. Quite the reverse. We agreed to be married merely that I might be able to run away from my difficulties. Which I did.

On that Thursday, the very day so

dreaded, I crept out of Markham Hall at the earliest dawn, and, meeting Colonel Solmes at the park-gate, walked two miles with him to the station—went up to London by the express; rested at his sister's house while he made the necessary arrangements, and stood at the altar by his side, probably at the very hour when James Kennet was claiming me from Lady Markham as his promised bride.

I only hope Sir Robert and Carl Toolou arrived at the same moment; I have often laughed at the idea of their discomfiture. But I try to think as little as possible of poor Arthur Kingsley and dear Mr. Dow.

I was much amused at Colonel Solmes's horror at discovering that he had positively run away with an heiress, and I could not resist the pleasure of advising him to devote my fortune to the endowment of an asylum for orphan mastodons and the extinct man—when found.

And now, my dears, my story is finished. Thank you for listening so patiently. In conclusion, I have only to add that we sailed for India within ten days of our marriage—that Colonel Solmes is quite charming, and, I, myself, the happiest wife in the world.

THE death of Mr. Mark Lemon, for thirty years Editor of *Punch*, should not be allowed to pass without a note. Mr. Lemon's own capacity might easily be overrated, but no man had a quicker eye for ability of the kind he needed, or greater success in keeping his company together,—success which, when artists, literateurs, and the public are all to work together, it is not given to many to obtain. A genuine humorist and most genial man, Mr. Lemon was perhaps of all editors of satirical journals in the world the one who did least moral harm, and his journal the one which has done least to create in its readers the jeering tone of mind. That he kept it clean is nothing—uncleaness would kill it in a week,—but he kept it reverential of all worthy things as no paper of the kind ever has been. He often gave the reins to international hate, but never vilified a political foe, and a personal foe he probably never had.

a speech, the point of which was that the Emperor had laid down the basis of a Parliamentary system, and then Napoleon read his long-expected reply. It is rather vague. Our adversaries, said the Emperor, extended the *Plebiscite*, originally intended to confirm a liberal reform, into a question between the Empire and Revolution. The country has decided in favour of the Empire. The Government, without partialities, but also without weakness, will know how to cause the national will to be respected, “will calm party passions, insure public security, preserve social interests from the contagion of false doctrines,” and seek the means of increasing the greatness and the prosperity of France. “To diffuse education; to simplify the administrative machinery; to carry activity from the centre, where it superabounds, to the extremities, where it is wanting; to introduce into our codes of laws, which are monuments, the improvements justified by experience; to multiply the general agencies of production and riches; and, finally, to find the best distribution of the burdens which press upon the taxpayers. Such is our programme.” It is a good programme, but its goodness does not prove that the Emperor is less than master, or that France could not carry it out without his aid.

THE Corps Legislatif communicated the result of the *Plebiscite* to the Emperor on Saturday. M. Schneider, President of the Chamber, made

From The Saturday Review.
BELGIUM.

IF a country is happy that has no history, Belgium ought to be very happy so far as we in England know, for it is only recalled to our recollection when the King pays one of his welcome visits to this country. He is here now, and how very glad he must be that his father had the sense not to accept the throne of Greece, and wait for that of Belgium instead. It is perhaps easy to forget how great a success the Kingdom of Belgium has been, partly owing to the wisdom and immense experience of the late King, and partly to its enjoying a European guarantee from spoliation, but very much owing to the people of Belgium themselves. Belgium was to all appearance a very artificial contrivance. It had never had an existence in history. It had been successively the possession of Spain, of Austria, of France, and of Holland. It had never been accustomed to freedom or to free political institutions. Its ancient military history was that of being the cockpit of Europe; its recent military history was not re-assuring. It comprised two distinct and alien populations, and even now a Flemish labourer will remain half-starved and half-employed rather than move a few miles away to get nearly double the wages in a Walloon district. Its population is indeed all of one religious faith, but it would be difficult to adduce an instance of a fiercer fight within constitutional limits than has been fought since 1830 between the priestly and the Liberal parties in Belgium, with a slight but steady victory for the latter. Diversities of condition, of habits, and possibly of race, are great obstacles in the way of the cohesion of the different parts of a territory that is suddenly told to consider itself a country. But from one cause or another Belgium did cohere, and there is always something in success that defies analysis; and now that it has cohered we are able to see how much life and vigour are imparted to its social and political existence by the great variety to be found in its different districts. Considering how small a portion of Europe Belgium occupies, and that in spite of the density of population in some of its provinces the total population is under five millions, it is astonishing how many and great are the diversities of people, of soil, and of industries that Belgium presents. There is the special district of small cultivation, the cockpit of political economists, comprising the sandy districts of East and West Flanders, the Pays de Waes, and the Campine. Then there are the two great Walloon districts of Hainault and Liège, the first rich in mines, the latter in manufac-

tures, where the soil, naturally better, is held in larger holdings, and where land occupies a secondary place in the thoughts of men; and lastly, there is the district of Luxembourg, mostly in the hands of considerable proprietors. If, on the one hand, it is true that the intense Conservatism which seems everywhere to go with what is very inaccurately termed peasant proprietorship has had much to do with the cohesion of Belgium, and has furnished, as in France, a useful counterpoise to the socialism of the large towns, it is also certain that Belgium has grown into a nation because it had other elements of social life than the cultivation of land on a small scale can supply, and that its manufacturing industry, and its aristocracy, with estates of very considerable extent and fair revenue, have combined to make it what it is.

The Government plays in Belgium a part which seems admirably adapted to the circumstances of the country. There is much less interference of the police in Belgium than in France, and a greater reliance on the ordinary operation of the law. Five-and-twenty years ago there was in South Belgium a widely spread agrarian agitation, full of the horrors of arson and assassination so familiar to the readers of recent Irish news, and arising from new tenants being admitted without the out-going tenant being recompensed for what he considered he had laid out. The out-going tenants went on in fact just as if they had been in Ireland; but they found out their mistake. The agitation had spread into France, and the Belgian and French Governments determined to put it down, and their different modes of proceeding are very suggestive of the difference between the two countries. The French Government with that ingenuity and that indifference to anything but results which distinguish it, hit upon the effective plan of forcing the out-going tenant to domicile himself near his old holding, and then seizing on him and making him liable if damage was done. They used him as a hostage, and rather than submit to that he preferred to give up murder. In Belgium the Government declined to do more than put the ordinary law in force; but then they did put it in force, and the agitation died out with the execution of a hired assassin who had undertaken to soothe the feelings of an injured tenant for ninety francs. The Belgian Government, again, does little to interfere directly for the promotion of prosperity in particular places, after the fashion so popular in Imperial France. It tried some years ago to set up a sort of agricultural colony in one of the most barren

and unpromising parts of the Campine, but it found the enterprise a failure. The colonists would not work, for they considered that the Government was bound to provide for them; and it was only when Government sold off its property for a sixth of its cost, and a spirited proprietor began to grind the tenants as Belgian tenants are accustomed to be ground, that the concern took a new start. On the other hand, the Government has interfered to promote the general prosperity of the country by becoming possessed of the great channels of communication, to an extent not known in any other country. Almost all the canals belong to the Government, which allows lime and manure to pass free of dues; and, as lately in the Campine, the Government constructs canals through barren districts as a means both of communication and irrigation. The railways, too, are in a large measure State property, and within the last few days a debate of more than usual liveliness has taken place on a proposal of the Government to purchase a large group of railways under the control of a Company. There are of course objections to the purchase and working of railways and canals by the State with which we are sufficiently familiar in England. But the balance of opinion in Belgium appears to be most decidedly in favour of the system. There can be no doubt that the extreme cheapness with which passengers and goods are carried in Belgium has had much to do with the development of the resources of the country. But the possession of all the principal arteries of circulation by the State has also had in Belgium the effect, of which there was there especial need, of making the whole body feel itself to be one. The cohesion of the nation has been materially aided by the general feeling that the district of Belgium was more than a geographical expression, and that it meant a territory the parts of which were bound together by a network of communication having a national character. It was probably the fear lest this feeling should be impaired, much more than the fear of direct aggression from France, that led the Belgian Government to insist so positively, at the risk of offending the French Government, on forbidding the transfer of the Luxembourg line to a French Company.

All disputants who wish to write up or to write down small cultivation fly to Belgium for illustrations, and the economical condition of Belgium is deserving undoubtedly of the most attentive study. What the final conclusion to be deduced from this study ought to be, too little even yet is known perhaps for

cautious people to pretend to decide with any great degree of confidence. But there are a few general remarks on the small cultivation of Belgium, which may be safely made. In the first place, small cultivation, where it answers, does answer very well. More is got out of the land than in any other way, and the combination of capital and of minute personal skill and attention, which is commonly found in Belgium, produces marvellous results in getting a great variety of crops out of very poor soil. But when this is once said, we may go on to observe that the general position of those engaged in small cultivation in Belgium is very different from that which is supposed to be the condition of peasant proprietors. In Belgium the small cultivators are, as a rule, not proprietors, but tenants. In some parts of Belgium, where small cultivation is most developed, there is only one proprietor cultivating his land to five tenants cultivating the lands of small proprietors. The small proprietors reside in the towns, are engaged in other forms of industry, and let off the whole or part of their lands. These small tenants of small proprietors seem to lead very unattractive lives. They are the servants of many masters; for, in order to get land lying together, they are obliged to get one piece from one man and another piece from another, and the opportunity for petty tyranny thus presented is not neglected. The grocer who lets the tenant have the piece he wants, expects him to come for sugar and candles to his landlord; and if he cared for electoral liberty he would have to stifle his feelings, for he is always beset by the solicitations or orders of those who can aid or injure him. He has no lease, as a general rule, to protect him; the law gives him no claim for improvements, and the legal machinery for distress and execution would have been thought satisfactory even by a Parliament of Irish landlords. Leases for more than nine years are almost unknown in Belgium, and in proportion as the cultivation is not small the leases begin to exist and to increase in length within the nine years' limit. The tenant has naturally to give up every thought, and retain every member of his family, male and female, in carrying on his anxious struggle for existence. Small cultivators will not send their children even to schools where the education is gratuitous, and as small cultivation advances, ignorance advances also. The Belgian tenants make money in spite of everything, and this is the one charm of their lives. It is a great charm, and money, which is the root of all evil, is also the root of many virtues; but it is de-

sirable to understand at what a cost this money is made. Lastly, Belgium shows plainly what is so often forgotten when small cultivation is talked of — that to be able to cultivate land profitably on a small scale is an art, and a difficult art, the fruit of long years, and perhaps centuries, of endeavour, ingenuity, and patience. The poor Belgian has learnt from his cradle the peculiar knack of getting crops out of a little plot of bad land, just as the Swiss peasant girl learns the peculiar knack of making watch-springs, and the Leicestershire dairymaid learns the peculiar knack of making Stilton cheeses. There are parts of Belgium where the small cultivator of his own land makes but a miserable figure, and gets little out of the soil. The attempts made by Feargus O'Connor and others to set up small cultivation suddenly and violently have necessarily failed because the small cultivators knew nothing whatever of a very special business. Generations of Flemings have been learning this business in Belgium and teaching it each to its successor, and this is the reason why small cultivation produces there results which with a less apt and disciplined population it could not attain.

From St. Paul's.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

A COLLECTION of Michael Faraday's letters, carefully selected and well arranged by Dr. Bence Jones, affords the opportunity to those who know how to use it, of studying the ways of thought, the ways of life, the intellectual and the moral character of a man who, from every point of view, was truly great. He could not be too closely approached. There were no shabby places or ugly corners in his mind; the ascendancy of his genius was the more complete because of his virtues which were developed with it; and though he chanced to be the citizen of a country little disposed to honour the scientific discoverer, he did achieve for himself a position there which gave him free scope for his labours, and which enabled him to win the regard, admiration, and esteem of all the most distinguished men of other countries. "I have," he says, in a letter addressed to Lord Wrottesley, "as a scientific man received from foreign countries and sovereigns honours which surpass in my opinion anything which it is in the power of my own to bestow." In the same letter he says, "For its own sake, the Government should honour

the men who do honour and service to the country." Personally, he was indifferent to the distinctions usually coveted by genius; and he felt that he had enough, if he had the means at his disposal to carry on a constant investigation of the wonders and beauties of nature, and to advance the progress of truth; and England was willing to leave him to this contentment, not having that love of glory, — or, as it is sometimes called in speaking of other nations, that vanity, — which takes delight in adding lustre to the illustrious among her sons, but rather that reasonable thrift which is bent upon making the most of their gifts at the least possible expense to the nation.

It may be well for the sake of a few readers who may be ignorant of the leading facts of Faraday's life, to give here a short summary of his scientific career; for, without that, his singular merits, his self-abnegation, and his devotion to a great calling, cannot be understood; without that, the absence of pretension, the constant consideration for others, the simplicity of life, the admirable control of temper, the true modesty and the humble faith which must be recognized in their combination as constituting his personal character, cannot be fully appreciated.

Michael Faraday was born at Newington Butts, near London, in 1791. He was placed in his boyhood under a bookbinder in the neighbourhood of Baker Street, and he read a large number of the books he bound; scientific books especially made a deep impression upon him, and the interest excited by Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Chemistry" turned his mind to the investigation of chemical phenomena. He never forgot the gratitude due to her on this account. In 1812 Faraday was presented with a ticket for Sir H. Davy's course of lectures on Chemistry at the Royal Institution. He took notes of these lectures, and sent the notes to Sir H. Davy, expressing to him his strong desire to leave his present mechanical work, and to learn something of natural philosophy. Sir H. Davy was struck with the accuracy of his notes and with the expressions of his letter, and in 1813 he engaged him as his assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution. In 1821 Faraday made the discovery of the relations between electricity and magnetism, in which his subsequent researches were so important as to change the whole condition of electro-magnetic and chemical science. The construction of the electric telegraph was a practical result of his inquiries into the nature of electricity, and a discovery made by him in the laboratory of the Royal Institution brought into existence those beautiful ani-

line dyes which are so important in the manufacturing world. His discoveries were announced in a series of papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, beginning in the year 1831; and they were collected and republished in three volumes, appearing in the years 1839, 1844, and 1855. His book, called "Chemical Manipulation," was published in the year 1827, and was of great value to those engaged in the study of chemistry. In 1823 he was admitted as corresponding member of the French Academy of Sciences, and in 1825 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He received the gold medal of the Royal Society, and the Rumford medal. In 1833 he accepted a pension of £300 per annum from the fund at the disposal of the British Government for the benefit or reward of literary or scientific men. He received many marks of distinction from the Governments of foreign countries. He declined any actual title. In 1858 the use of a house at Hampton Court was granted to him by the Queen, and at this house, in the year 1867, he died.

No person could read with attention this bare outline of the life of Faraday, and fail to attribute to him high intellectual and moral qualities; but the simple telling of such and such abstract virtues in a man does not convey a sufficient idea of his individuality, and it is fitting that those who knew anything of him personally should strive to make some record of the attributes which distinguished him from other good and great men. He should be remembered in his characteristic phases; first, as he stood at the lecture-table, with his voltaic batteries, his electro-magnetic helix, his large electrical machine, his glass retorts, and all his experimental apparatus about him, — the whole of it being in such perfect order that he could without fail lay his hand upon the right thing at the right moment, and that, if his assistant by any chance made a blunder, he could, without a sign of discomposure, set it right. His instruments were never in his way, and his manipulation never interfered with his discourse. He was completely master of the situation; he had his audience at his command, as he had himself and all his belongings; he had nothing to fret him, and he could give his eloquence full sway. It was an irresistible eloquence, which compelled attention and insisted upon sympathy. It waked the young from their visions and the old from their dreams. There was a gleaming in his eyes which no painter could copy and which no poet could describe. Their radiance seemed to send a strange light into the very

heart of his congregation; and when he spoke, it was felt that the stir of his voice and the fervour of his words could belong only to the owner of those kindling eyes. His thought was rapid, and made itself a way in new phrases, if it found none ready made, — as the mountaineer cuts steps in the most hazardous ascent with his own axe. His enthusiasm sometimes carried him to the point of ecstasy when he expatiated on the beauties of nature, and when he lifted the veil from her deep mysteries. His body then took motion from his mind; his hair streamed out from his head, his hands were full of nervous action, his light, lithe body seemed to quiver with its eager life. His audience took fire with him, and every face was flushed. Whatever might be the after-thought or the after-pursuit, each hearer for the time shared his zeal and his delight; and with some listeners the impression made was so deep as to lead them into the laborious paths of philosophy, in spite of all the obstacles which the daily life of society opposes to such undertakings. One instance of this kind is given in Dr. Bence Jones's volumes. It was a young lady who was thus inspired, and her case is not a solitary one. There are instances where a strong effect is produced by a speaker who is conscious of it and who strives for it; but with Faraday the effect was due to his unconsciousness, to his forgetfulness of himself, and to the concentration of all his intellect and all his emotion upon the thing he was teaching.

A pleasant vein of humour accompanied his ardent imagination, and occasionally, not too often, relieved the tension of thought imposed upon his pupils. He would play with his subject now and then, but very delicately; his sport was only just enough to enliven the effort of attention. He never suffered an experiment to allure him away from his theme. Every touch of his hand was a true illustration of his argument. Foreigners, children, and fine ladies felt as if they understood what he told them, — partly because of the simplicity and sincerity of his manner, and partly because he excited their enthusiasm so much that they did not question their understanding. But his meaning was sometimes beyond the conception of those whom he addressed. When, however, he lectured to children, he was careful to be perfectly distinct, and never allowed his ideas to outrun their intelligence. He took great delight in talking to them, and easily won their confidence. The vivacity of his manner and of his countenance, and his pleasant laugh, the frankness of his whole bearing attracted them to him. They

felt as if he belonged to them; and indeed he sometimes, in his joyous enthusiasm, appeared like an inspired child. He was not at all a man for evening parties; he was nothing of a ladies' man; but he was the true man for the juveniles, and would go to see a domestic charade when the boys acted in it, and suddenly appear behind the scenes to offer a little help or suggest a new arrangement; and then, while he was in front, he would laugh and applaud so loudly, that his presence was the best encouragement which the young performers could have. Or he would help the young people to wonder at the feats of a conjuror, or he would join in a round game, and romp quite noisily. But all was done with a natural impulse. There was no assumption of kindness, no air of condescension. It was before the appearance of the chameleon top in public that he constructed with his own hands a pretty little top with a coloured disc, and presented it to the son of a friend as a philosophic toy. The top still exists, and is put away in a box with some other precious things, and among these there is a toy green frog, which he brought himself to the same little boy, teaching him how to make it jump, and laughing merrily at the strangeness of its leaps. His quick sympathies put him so closely in relation with the child, that he saw with the boy's new wonder, and looked, and most likely felt for the moment, as if he had never seen the thing before. Quick feelings, quick movement, quick thought, vividness of expression and of perception, belonged to him. He came across you like a flash of light, and he seemed to leave some of his light with you. His presence was always stimulating. Occasionally a depression and weariness came upon him, such as these ardent natures often undergo. It is perhaps the balance of rest which nature sends to them; but when he had the physical strength to resist these attacks, he did resist them. His sense of duty and of religion forbade the indulgence of anything like despondency, and any mood that was otherwise than cheerful was soon banished.

The investigations of the natural philosopher are beset with difficulties, with anxieties and misgivings. Nature is sometimes so slow to answer his questions, that he is sorely tempted to answer them for her, and to let theory shut the door against fact, or to give fact admission with a tight squeeze. Hours, days, months may be spent upon the accumulation of discoveries which seem to justify their explanation by a particular process of reasoning, and just as the interpretation of causes appears to be reached, one other stubborn fact may come in the way,

like an obstinate jurymen, forbidding the conclusion;—and all the labour must begin again. To Faraday's ardent imagination such contradictions must have been trying. The rapidity of his thought was at times like a fever in his blood, and the moment which overthrew his hope was followed by physical prostration. But he had his Egerian grotto, where rest and comfort were to be found, and solaced himself at his domestic hearth. In one of his letters he speaks of his "rest-giving wife," and it was with her that he found tranquillity restored when his soul was troubled. Free from the weak strivings of feminine vanity or selfish ambition, she knew how to soothe him, how to make the leisure hour pleasant to him, and to offer him some new subject of interest when his work was too stimulating for him.

She would take a quiet stroll with him out of doors, or she would accompany him to an exhibition, and sometimes they would go to a play together. In his young days, Faraday used to attend Kean's performances with intense interest, and later in his life he used to admire the splendid representations of the Shakspearian drama, produced under the superintendence of Mr. Macready; and Jenny Lind's delicious voice occasionally charmed him to forget his cares. He loved music, had a fine ear, and could sing agreeably; indeed, there was hardly any form of excellence in art or nature to which his sensitive temperament was not keenly alive. He took great pleasure in a good novel, and some notes exist of a conversation upon this subject which he held with a friend at the house of Mrs. M——, in Clarges Street, one of the few houses where he was wont to appear now and then at an evening party. It was a winter evening, in the month of January, 1856. A favourite cat was in the refreshment-room, decorated with ribbons, and sitting in an arm-chair. Faraday, taking a glass of punch, presented it abruptly to the nose of the cat, and said, "Ah! you great silly cat, with your bow of ribbon, how do you like that?" The cat drew itself up offended. "Puss is not fond of punch," said Faraday, "but perhaps you are!"—addressing a lady who was playing with the cat; and then followed some talk which presently turned upon novels, and the entertainment to be got out of them, and Faraday said, "I like the stirring ones,—with plenty of life, plenty of action, and very little philosophy. Why, I can do the philosophy for myself; but I want the novelist to supply me with incident and change of scene, and to give me an interest which takes me out of my own immediate pursuits. It does a man

good to get out of his daily pursuits, and to air his thoughts a little."

He then mentioned the novel of "Paul Ferroll," as having stir enough in it, and added, "There's another modern one I like very well too, where a man keeps his mad wife up at the top of his house." This was the novel of "Jane Eyre;" — "and," said he, "it is very clever, and keeps you awake. Why, how good the woman's flight is across the fields, but there's a touch of mesmerism and mystery at the end, which would be better away."

This observation led to a discussion of modern superstitions, and Faraday spoke forcibly against the follies of table-rappers and turners.

"What a clumsy matter," he said, "is all this knocking of tables, this new way of calling up the spirits of the dead, through mediums who never tell us anything worth hearing. . . . It sounds sickening even for a sensible man to think of; but there is no end to the inconsistency and weakness of human nature. Why, there was the belief in witches; there were plenty of good and great men who held to that. Well! it was no worse than the rapping-spirit faith; indeed it was better,—there was more fun in it."

It was observed in reply that our present age had one superiority over the past; — we no longer burnt our fellow-creatures.

"Yes," said Faraday, "but observe that when the faggots went out, the witches went out. Why, all the sport was in the burning."

He then spoke of that curious story called the "Amber Witch," and this led to some further comments on romance writing, and to an elegant eulogium of Sir Walter Scott. He spoke of "Ivanhoe," and said, "What a fine chivalrous thing that is! there's the tournament, and the Jewess and the Templar, with his gallant bearing, and his strange mixed character, wonderful and perplexing as human nature itself! And then how finely those two serving men stand out in contrast, — the strong Gurth, and the witless Wamba, with their dog Fangs, who adds something too to the interest. Why, this is a romance indeed! Then there's "Guy Mannering," and "Quentin Durward," and "Waverley," and the poor "Bride of Lammermoor," — but that's a sad one; — and a whole host of others."

Then some remarks were made upon the novels of social life, and Miss Burney's "Evelina" was mentioned, and Faraday remembered reading it a great many years ago. "You know," he said, "I was a boy in a bookbinder's shop; there were plenty

of books there, and I read them." He had himself bound some copies of "Evelina," and one of them was in the possession of the Rev. John Barlow.

Among the letters contained in Dr. Bence Jones's volumes there are a few addressed to this same Mr. Barlow, and it may be well here to say something of the nature of his relation with Michael Faraday.

Mr. Barlow was, from the year 1842 to 1860, the Honorary Secretary of the Royal Institution, for which post he was well qualified, both by his scientific acquirements and his social position. His knowledge of natural philosophy was extensive, and he took delight in cultivating the acquaintance of scientific men. He spent many hours in lecture-rooms and laboratories, and, at the same time, his wife's family connections and his own took him very much into general society, and he brought many persons to hear Faraday's lectures, who remained to listen, fascinated by their eloquence, but who, without Mr. Barlow's influence, would never have found their way to a scientific institution. His courtesy of manner, which proceeded from real benevolence of nature, made it pleasant to come in contact with him; and Faraday found him always ready to assist in smoothing over any little difficulties which occurred in the management of the institution. When the custom of giving tea in the library of the institution after the evening lectures was discontinued, as being expensive and inconvenient, the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Barlow supplied the place of this hospitality by inviting the members of the Royal Institution, and other friends, to meet at their own house in Berkeley Street on Friday evenings. And here such unceremonious, friendly gatherings took place as are uncommon in London society. A remarkable variety of elements composed an agreeable whole.

Science and fashion, literature and aristocracy, had their representatives at the cheerful tea-table. Ladies coming from the lectures were not expected to be in full dress. There was no effort to be made. The definite aim was the comforting cup of tea. You might go as soon as you had swallowed it, or you might prolong the evening far on into the night. With so little of conventional restraint conversation flowed pleasantly, many acquaintances were made, and acquaintance easily passed into friendship. About twice in the season Faraday himself joined these parties, and added a good deal to their animation. But, agreeable as his presence was, it is not to be lamented that he went out seldom. His home life was better both for mind and body,

and those who made that home so happy for him should be held in grateful remembrance. Although they lived much to themselves, the friends who visited them never failed to find a cordial welcome; and a friendly chat in those quiet rooms was one of the greatest pleasures which it was possible to enjoy. The frugal simplicity of the furniture was characteristic of Faraday. He would not put the institution to any expense which was not absolutely necessary, and the chairs and sofas maintained their rigid black horsehair surface to the very last. That Faraday's religion helped to make him the self-denying man he was cannot be doubted. His religion and his attachment to his wife were the main-springs of his moral life; they kept him pure and simple; they kept him also out of the world, and, therefore, that large portion of the world which is ignorant of everything beyond the pale of its own daily stir and strife, and its own ambitions, whether in political or fashionable life, knew nothing of this man and his work; and, being told of his death, as of a national loss, asked why, and what his life had been? To such as these the invention of a new patent for cutting cloth or mending pens appears a sensible, useful thing, and the author of it worthy of honour; of knighthood, or of whatever distinction may be available for him. Possibly they might make a stir even to obtain a pension for the inventor's widow, if he died and left a widow; but the discoverer of first causes, of eternal truths, of the forces of nature, of the basis of all invention, of the great foundations of all practical good, is not understood, and is viewed as one that indulges in useless curiosity, and amuses himself with dreams and speculations; they look upon the philosopher's investigations much as the silly school-girl, Rosa Bud, looks upon the scientific enterprise of her lover, Edwin Drood, when she speaks to him of one who hates "boilers and things."

Faraday, occupied with electric currents "and things," exhibits to them no definite purpose; and an important discovery, without an immediate adaptation of it, is held to be a mere vagary of the mind. This must be the explanation of the apathy with which the English nation heard of the decease of that great man who was perhaps her truest philosopher; while France, Germany, and Italy, better educated in science, were eager to express their appreciation of his worth. Such a man is born, not for one small territory, nor for one season, but for all countries and all times. Genius has no narrow birth-place. It is her vocation to knock down the foolish barriers of prejudice and

nationality, and to claim the universe for her dominion. Between Faraday and the philosophers of other countries no difficulties arose; he never understood the meaning of the word jealousy, and as he acted in good faith, desiring nothing but truth, he was replied to in the same spirit. Those who worked with him became like him. Nor was his generosity kept, as in some cases it is, merely for exportation. He was the same with his fellow-labourers at home, — always courteous and always true. He knew when and how to forbear, and he also knew how to defend himself against injustice or misapprehension; but he was very rarely the subject of them. How independently, and with what dignity, he acted in the matter of his pension, when Lord Melbourne's proceedings were such as to try his temper sorely; and how well he conducted himself when unjustly charged with appropriating some of Wollaston's scientific work is well-known, and need not be further discussed here, — the rather that he cared little himself to rake up the dust of the past. His memory garnered up only the good. On one occasion, when some allusion to his early life from a friend, brought on the mention of a painful passage between himself and Sir H. Davy, he rose abruptly from his seat, took a turn or two up and down the room, and said, "Talk of something else, and never let me speak of this again. I wish to remember nothing but Davy's kindness." While he spoke tears shone in his eyes. None ever rose from a purer source.

Religion was the moving force of this man's soul. His religious feeling was not confined to any narrow circle; it had a range as large as that of the world itself; but his religious practice, the rites which he observed, and the modes of worship which he followed, belonged to a particular community of Christians known as Sandemanians, of whose form of faith it is desirable to give some description, — the more as it has been subjected to many misrepresentations. That very honest little volume, called "A Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World," by John Evans, supplies a narrative of the history and the worship of the Sandemanians, from which the following account is derived. The sect originated in Scotland in the year 1728, and Mr. John Glass was the founder of it. He was a minister of the Established Church in Scotland; but he was expelled from it on the ground that he was sapping the foundation of all national establishments, by maintaining that the kingdom of Christ is not of this world. Upon his expulsion his adherents formed themselves into churches, conforma-

ble in their institution and discipline to what they supposed to be the plan of the first churches recorded in the New Testament. Robert Sandeman, from whom the sect takes its name, was an elder of one of these churches in Scotland, and is the author of a series of letters, addressed to Mr. Hervey, upon the true meaning of the word faith, in which he opposes the doctrine of the Calvinists. A controversy arose on this subject, and those who adopted Mr. Sandeman's view, that faith is neither more nor less than a simple assent to the divine testimony of Jesus Christ, that He was delivered for the offences of men, and raised again for their justification, called themselves Sandemanians, and formed themselves into churches, in fellowship with the churches of Scotland, but holding no kind of communion with any others.

The Sandemanians have a weekly administration of the Lord's Supper, a "love feast" of which every member is required to partake, and which consists of their dining together at each other's houses in the interval between the morning and afternoon service. A kiss of charity is used on this occasion at the admission of a new member, and at other times when it is deemed necessary and proper. They have a weekly collection before the Lord's Supper, for the support of the poor and for defraying other expenses. They have mutual exhortations, and they hold by community of goods so far that every one is to consider all that he has in his possession and power liable to the calls of the poor and the Church, and it is not lawful for them to lay up wealth for any distant or uncertain use. They allow of public or private diversions, so far as they are not connected with circumstances really sinful. They maintain a plurality of elders, pastors, or bishops in each church, and the presence of two elders is held to be necessary in every act of discipline and at the administration of the Lord's Supper. Second marriages disqualify for the office of elders.

The Sandemanians consider themselves obliged to separate from the communion and worship of all such religious societies as appear to them not to profess the simple truth for their only ground of hope, and who do not walk in obedience to it; and in every transaction they esteem unanimity to be absolutely necessary.

Such was the religion which Faraday inherited from his parents, and which he adhered to with unvarying attachment and perfect sincerity. The enthusiasm of his nature vivified his faith. He was an earnest disciple of the Church he belonged to, and

in his later years he was himself an elder and teacher. But his zeal was not bigotry, and he neither condemned nor interfered with views which were opposed to his own. When he concluded a course of lectures with expressions of adoration for the Creator of all good, it was done with a feeling so wide in its scope as to reach the heart of all humanity.

The friendship which existed between Faraday and Professor Tyndall is known to all who know anything of scientific men, and is in itself sufficient to prove that Faraday's faith was not illiberal. It must be accepted also as an evidence of the generosity and candour of his temper; for he took delight in all the manifestations of Tyndall's genius, and offered every encouragement to its operations within the walls of the Royal Institution. After he had ceased to lecture himself, he used to listen to Mr. Tyndall's eloquence with constant interest, and regularly attended his courses, until he was disabled from doing so by physical infirmity.

Professor Tyndall's beautiful "History of Faraday as a Discoverer" contains some traits of Faraday's personal character, which are valuable, and which, if they could be added to Dr. Bence Jones's collection of letters, might go a great way towards giving the reader a right conception of the man as he was in his daily life. Only the humour is absent—the peculiar, ironical humour which made Faraday's conversation pungent, though it never had the bitterness of satire. It was a light, genial humour, which came out of singularly vivid perceptions of all things,—of the characteristics of persons, no less than of the characteristics of magnets and gases. The slightest exaggeration or parade of enthusiasm towards himself excited his ridicule, and he would make fun of it, but with such a good-humoured gleam in his eye, and with such a frank, pleasant laugh, that his jesting was never ill-thought of, and generally elicited merriment in return from the very person whom he bantered.

His spirit of independence, although it was very marked, kept clear of offence by its simplicity; for it was a part of his self-respect that he on no occasion withheld the respect due to others. He gave to a prince or to a duchess the observance due to their position, as he gave to his servants and to all around him, whether his equals or his subordinates, a fitting and consistent consideration. The late Prince Consort had a just value for his genius and his character, and had it rested with him to do honour to his memory, it would have been honoured sufficiently; but, unhappily, he

was gone before. The Prince of Wales did what was in his power towards the recognition of Faraday's claims; but he could only act as a private individual. That he did act with spontaneous energy and warmth of feeling is a truth which ought to be remembered to his credit. When the news of Faraday's death reached him, he recalled the charm that had felt in his lectures, and the genius and eloquence and geniality and animating vivacity which he had found in the teacher, and he forthwith wrote a letter of the kindest sympathy to the widow of the philosopher, although he had never seen her. The Prince's letter could not fail to gratify the wife who cherished every sincere tribute paid to her husband's excellence.

The statue which is to be erected as a memorial of Faraday is the result of the efforts and subscriptions of individuals. The Prince of Wales presided at the meeting held at the Royal Institution to discuss the national advantage of such a memorial, and the distinguished French philosopher, M. Dumas, came over from Paris for the occasion, and made an admirable discourse upon the extent and perfection of Faraday's genius, as free as Faraday himself from any kind of excess or bombast.

The Emperor of the French desired that the last new street which had been built in Paris should be named after the English discoverer, and possibly the Rue Faraday may sometimes excite the curiosity of English visitors concerning the history of their great countryman.

Upon Faraday's death, half only of the moderate pension which had been granted to him was continued to his widow, with the proviso, however, that it was to be carried on to another life. This sole narrow recognition of Faraday's achievements surprised the lettered world of France and Germany, and drew from them some comments not favourable to the discernment or to the gratitude of the English nation; but as such animadversions would be alien from Faraday's own habit of mind and from the temper of those who most nearly belong to him, it is best to refrain from dwelling upon them, and it is reasonable to believe that as general education advances, the labours of a great man and their fruition will come to be better understood.

And here a pretty instance may be recorded of the feeling aroused by Faraday's presence, when he returned to his accustomed seat in the lecture-room of the Royal Institution, after a protracted absence occasioned by illness. As soon as his presence was recognized, the whole audience rose simultaneously and burst into a spon-

taneous utterance of welcome, loud and long. Faraday stood in acknowledgment of this enthusiastic greeting, with his fine head slightly bent; and then a certain resemblance to the pictures and busts of Lord Nelson, which was always observable in his countenance, was very apparent. His hair had grown white and long, his face had lengthened, and the agility of his movement was gone. The eyes no longer flashed with the fire of the soul, but still they radiated kindly thought; and ineffable lines of intellectual force and energy were stamped upon his face.

He used, until he was quite unable to do so, constantly to visit his friend, Mr. Barlow, who was attacked with paralysis at a time when Faraday himself was still enjoying tolerable health. He used to animate him with the vivacity of his conversation, though at times grave, but not desponding, thoughts would grow out of their discussions. "On one occasion Faraday said, 'Barlow, you and I are waiting,—that is what we have to do now; and we must try to do it patiently.'"

Sometimes he was depressed by the idea of his wife left without him,—of the partner of his hopes and cares deprived of him. She had been the first love of his ardent soul; she was the last; she had been the brightest dream of his youth, and she was the dearest comfort of his age; he never ceased for an instant to feel himself happy with her; and he never for one hour ceased to care for her happiness. It was no wonder, then, that he felt anxiety about her. But he would rally from such a trouble with his great religious trust, and looking at her with moist eyes, he would say—"I must not be afraid: you will be cared for, my wife; you will be cared for."

There are some who remember how tenderly he used to lead her to her seat at the Royal Institution, when she was suffering from lameness; how carefully he used to support her; how watchfully he used to attend her steps. It did the heart good to see his devotion, and think what the man was and what he had been. No self-educated man ever had less help from without; no scientific investigator ever worked with so little assistance. No man was ever so ready to give his time and service to his country; none ever did so much for love, so little for reward. Our daily life is full of resources, which are the results of his labours; we may see at every turn some proof of the great grasp of his imaginative intellect; remembering the achievements of his genius, we may look for future revelations of nature's truth with boundless hope.

If that genius had not been allied to most high and lovable moral qualities, it would itself have deserved universal admiration. Joined as it was to an almost perfect Christian goodness, it must excite actual veneration, and a deep sense of gratitude for such an example of excellence as the volume of his life reveals, to kindle enthusiasm in minds capable of aspiring after the things which are great and good.

From Nature.

LEONARDO DA VINCI AS A BOTANIST.

FEW men have better earned the title of universal genius than Da Vinci. An ardent disciple of Nature, disdaining mere superficial knowledge, he went to the root of whatever he took up, and attained an intimate acquaintance especially with everything that bore on his beloved art of painting. And this art was understood by him in its widest sense. Not content with representing the mere outward appearance of Nature or of the human form, he considered it a part of his business as a painter to investigate the laws which produce those appearances or which govern that form in its healthy state. To the long list of his acquirements given in the catalogue of the Louvre collection, as painter, sculptor, architect, engineer, physicist, writer, and musician, may now be added that of botanist. In the first number of a new botanical journal, *Nuovo Giornale Botanico Italiano*, published at Florence, Sig. G. Uzielli has given some interesting extracts from a work by Da Vinci, from which he would appear to have anticipated the discovery of certain botanical laws generally attributed to writers of a later age. These extracts are taken from a section of his great treatise on painting, entitled "On Trees and Vegetation," which, however, is found only in one edition of that work, the Roman. The following are the points on which the originality of his observations deserves especial mention.

1. The laws of Phyllotaxis, or of the arrangement of leaves on the stem. Da Vinci appears to have been the first to observe that the order of growth of the leaves is uniform in the same species; and that their modes of arrangement can be divided into three principal forms—the opposite, the whorled or verticillate, and that usually denominated in text-books the alternate, but which should rather be called the spiral. He also pointed out that in the case of leaves growing in opposite pairs, they are generally arranged in a "decussate" man-

ner, that is, each pair grows at right angles to the pairs immediately above and below it; that when leaves are verticillate, those in each whorl are seldom in a direct line with those in the whorls immediately above and beneath; and that a very common form of the spiral arrangement is that sometimes called "quincuncial," where the cycle is completed by five leaves, the sixth being in a direct line with the sixth above and beneath. Another observation of the great painter's is, that inasmuch as branches grow from buds generated in the axils of leaves, the arrangement of the branches on the trunk necessarily corresponds to that of the leaves on the stem.

In botanical works it is generally stated that Sir Thomas Browne, in his quaint little treatise "The Garden of Cyrus, or the Quincuncial Lozenge," published in 1658 (a work not mentioned in Pritzel's "Thesaurus Litteraturæ Botanicae"), was the first to describe the spiral disposition of leaves, which was afterwards noticed contemporaneously by Grew and Malpighi. Bonnet,* however, in 1754 followed out the laws of phyllotaxis in a far more exact manner; and the subject has been still further elucidated by Goethe, Schimper, Braun, Steinheil, the brothers L. and E. Bravais, and Martins. To Da Vinci, however, who lived from 1452 to 1519, is clearly due the priority in the discovery of these laws; although, as might be expected, many of his observations show a crudeness and imperfection which have been corrected by more recent writers.

2. The manner in which, from the structure of the trunk of exogenous trees, their age can be determined. This fact, although now familiar to unscientific persons, appears to have been unknown to the ancients; since Theophrastus makes no mention of it, nor does Pliny, who cites examples of trees which have been known for a great length of time. The discovery is usually attributed to Malpighi and Grew, who published their works, the former in 1675, the latter in 1682; it was, however, known earlier; for Montaigne, passing through Pisa in 1581, learnt the fact from a jeweller of that town, in terms which recall those used by Leonardo. I transcribe the description of Montaigne:—

"The workman, an ingenious man, and famous for the manufacture of beautiful mathematical instruments, informed me that every tree bears as many circles as the years it has lived, and he showed me this in all the specimens of wood he had in his

* Bonnet, Ch., Recherches sur l'usage des feuilles dans les plantes.

shop. And the part which is exposed to the north is firmer, and the rings closer and more dense than the rest. By this means he professes to be able to judge of any piece of wood that is brought to him, both the age of the tree, and in what situation it grew."*

The following are the words of Leonardo:—

"The southern part of the plant shows more vigour and youth than the northern. The rings of the branches of trees show how many years they have lived, and their greater or smaller size whether they were damper or drier. They also show the direction in which they were turned, because they are larger on the north side than the south; and for this reason the centre of the tree is nearer the bark on the south than on the north side."

From this it will be seen that both the observations on the age, and those on the eccentricity of the trunks of trees, attributed hitherto by De Candolle † and others to Malpighi, had been previously made by Leonardo da Vinci.

3. The growth of exogenous stems by the formation of new wood beneath the bark. This he describes in the following sentence:—

"The growth in the size of plants is produced by the sap, which is generated in the month of April between this outside coating (*camisia*) and the wood of the tree. At the same time this outside coating becomes converted into bark, and the bark acquires new crevices of the depth of the ordinary crevices."

It will be seen that, although the painter correctly indicated the portion of the trunk in which the increase takes place, he nevertheless failed to detect the cambium, and the important part which modern researches have shown that it plays in the formation of new wood.

For the above illustrations of the botanical knowledge of Da Vinci, we are mainly indebted to the article already named by Uzielli, who states that he might cite from the "Treatise on Painting" many other ob-

servations, generally correct, on the structure and development of plants, on the symmetry of their secondary axes, and on the influence which external agents have upon their growth. Uzielli remarks that it is strange that Venturi does not mention these botanical observations, he having had Leonardo's MSS. for a long time under his hand, not even referring to them in his "Essay on the physico-mathematical works of Leonardo da Vinci," where he claims for the painter the character of a great *savant*, and one of the founders of the experimental method. Amoretti, and all the other illustrators of his life and works, are also silent; and Libri, who wrote after the publication of the Roman edition of the work on Painting, mentions only that Leonardo records in it some botanical observations. Libri was, however, the first to publish the important experiments of Da Vinci relative to the action of poison on plants, discovered in the MSS.* preserved in the Library of the Institute at Paris, in which he also alludes to an ingenious process of drying plants, and reproducing their form easily on paper. Not only these MSS., but those also in the Ambrose Library at Milan, in the British Museum, and at Windsor, and those to be found in some private libraries, would doubtless repay a more careful research than has at present been bestowed upon them; and we would commend the subject to the attention of whoever takes up the thread of the life of Da Vinci, broken by the lamented death of Mr. B. B. Woodward.

Sir Charles Lyell † refers to Leonardo da Vinci as one of the first who applied sound reasoning to the facts of Geology, and who taught the organic origin of fossils. His botanical and geological theories are alike evidence of the spirit in which he applied all the powers of his mind to the observation of the phenomena that surrounded him, and which prompted him to counsel his pupils and readers invariably to have recourse to Nature rather than to the works of man, as their guide and the source of their inspiration.

* Journal of Travels in Italy, by M. Montaigne.
† Organographie végétale, vol. i. p. 324. Paris, 1827.

* MSS. of Leonardo da Vinci, vol. N, fœs. 11 and 71.
† Principles of Geology, 3rd ed. vol. I. p. 31.

Is an article in the *Artisan*, for April, on the Influence of the Suez Canal on Trade with India, Sir Frederick Arrow states that at the present moment the influence of the Canal is being felt in a decrease of the cost of fuel east of the Isthmus, which will certainly have a great

effect on the cost of carriage, and therefore on the cost of laying down produce and goods. The existence of the route, he believes, will stimulate production, not only in India, but in the various countries which it brings into the family of commercial relations.

From Fraser's Magazine.
ALEXANDER POPE.

I.

THERE are some topics, curious enough in their day, the interest of which has almost wholly passed by. They may be placed amongst the worn-out clothes of literature, threadbare with frequent friction, dusty and moth-eaten from recent neglect, so that one feels an instinctive dislike to touching them, and is content to let them decay unheeded on their pegs. Now and then, indeed, the chance discovery or the painstaking researches of a *litterateur* bring to light a suggestive fact hitherto unknown, and the old garments are taken down once more to be brushed, cleansed, and inspected. New discoveries revive an obsolete interest, but in literature, as in life, the want of novelty is to some minds a serious drawback to enjoyment. Nevertheless there are sound reasons for reverting sometimes to topics which, like that selected for this article, have passed into the peaceful domain of literary history, and it may not be unreasonable to call attention once more to an illustrious poet who holds, and must always hold, a high place in English literature. Another reason for attempting to dig a little once more in a mine that has been worked so vigorously in former years, may be found in several recent publications, the titles of which are given at the foot of this page.*

The life of Pope promised us many years ago by Mr. Elwin has been so long in preparation that our curiosity regarding it has well-nigh died out by waiting. Yet there can be little doubt that when it does appear it will not only furnish a rare literary treat but will supply a *lacuna* in our literary annals. Mr. Elwin has judged truly that the biography of Pope remains yet to be written. Ayre's memoir abounds with crude inventions. Owen Ruffhead compiled his memoir from original manuscripts, and has preserved a few important biographical facts; but of the 552 pages which form the volume, we are within bounds in saying that 400 are wholly useless, being devoted to extracts from the poetry, declamatory criticism, and remarks on Warton's essay. Let no one read the book who cannot be satisfied with a few grains of wheat amidst a bushel of chaff. Dr. Johnson's Life, on

the contrary, is in some respects perhaps one of his finest pieces of biographical criticism, but the main interest is critical rather than biographical.

The Rev. Mr. Bowles, a "pretty poet" and an amiable man, but garrulous, undignified, and dyspeptic, has injured Pope by misrepresentations and perverse suspicions, and has lowered his own reputation by a fruitless controversy. In Mr. Roscoe's memoir there is some solid worth, but the dullness of the book is wholly intolerable. A biography that pleases nobody might as well never have been produced.

By far the most readable life of Pope which we possess at present is that of Mr. Carruthers; indeed this small and admirably written volume is the only biography of the poet that deserves to be popular. For general readers it leaves little to be desired, but students of Pope will probably agree with us, that it is scarcely on a scale commensurate with the subject, and that, in the modest language of the writer, it "can be considered only as a contribution towards the history of Pope and his times." Mr. Carruthers' edition of the poet is excellent, and the editor of the "Globe" Pope shows the value in which he holds it by the use he has made of it, and by his just acknowledgment that it is the only edition of the poet that has any claims to completeness. Mr. Ward's compact Memoir has been carefully and judiciously compiled. The style of the biography is occasionally obscure and inflated, but the writer has a masterly knowledge of his subject, and his critical sagacity is rarely at fault. The volumes moreover, like the other volumes of this beautiful series, is a perfect specimen of typographical skill.

Poets speak to mankind in their works, and of many of highest mark it is strange how little we know beyond what their poems tell us. But Pope lived in a comparatively modern era. With the exception of Swift, and even this exception is doubtful, he held the foremost place among men of letters in an age which has gained no small share of its reputation by literature. In poetry he was not less certainly the king of men in Queen Anne's reign than Shakespeare was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The *lues Boswelliana* was unknown to Shakespeare's contemporaries, and even in our so-called Augustan age was scarcely in its incipient stages; nevertheless Pope's career has been made familiar through a vast variety of controversies, by letters, diaries, and newspaper gossip, so that the biographer need not be deterred by the lack of material from doing full justice to a fruitful theme. What

* The Globe Edition. *The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope*. Edited with Notes and Introductory Memoir, by Adolphus William Ward, M.A. Macmillan & Co., 1899.

Historical Sketches of the Reign of George the Second. By Mrs. Oliphant. 2 vols. Blackwood, 1869.
Clarendon Press Series. Pope, *Essay on Man*. Edited by Mark Pattison, B.D., Oxford, at the Clarendon Press, 1862.

does Mrs. Oliphant mean by speaking of the "few traces of a real human life that are to be found in Pope's history," of the "barren tale filled from beginning to end with shadows instead of realities"? The statement passes our understanding. We may not be as familiar with Pope as we are with Johnson, Cowper, or Sir Walter Scott, but assuredly there is not one of Pope's contemporaries who stands out upon the canvas with more absolute distinctness. From the day when the precocious boy "lisp'd in numbers," until the day when the famous poet was laid to rest with the parents whom he loved, Pope's career lies open before us. Mr. Conington, whose recent and premature death all lovers of literature must deplore, said with perfect truth that to form an independent judgment on all the discussions to which Pope's biography has given rise would require a special study, not of months but of years; and he remarked with equal justice that "there is probably no English author whose life can be compared with Pope's as a succession of petty secrets and third-rate problems." All this is undeniable. Pope loved mystery and delighted in subterfuges; he was seldom thoroughly ingenuous, and it is often difficult to separate the man from the author. Nevertheless the poet lived all his life through in a glass house, and from the anecdotes of Spence (the Boswell of Pope), from the voluminous correspondence of his contemporaries, and from the quarrels which served to keep men of letters alive in the eighteenth century, we can gather up almost all that is worth knowing about him. Some of the more prominent facts, familiar though they ought to be, are worth recording once more, for Pope in the present day is mainly regarded as a great English classic, and, being a classic, has, we fear, fewer readers than so admirable a writer deserves.

II.

POPE cannot be said to have started favourably in the race of life. He was deformed and he was sickly; but, thanks to the tender assiduities of his mother and his nurse, the feeble boy was reared in safety, and began soon to give proof that what nature had denied in one direction she had bestowed lavishly in another. The "little nightingale," as he was called—for his voice was as sweet in his childhood as his eyes were remarkable for beauty in after years—was a poet almost from the cradle, and it is interesting to read of the young genius, considerably under twelve, paying a visit to Will's Coffee-house in order to see, if but for a moment, his great poetical

predecessor, John Dryden. The early life of the poet is associated with Windsor Forest, and there was once a famous beech-tree dedicated to his memory, which has since perished in a storm. There, he tells us, he studied as constantly as he could for some years, and it speaks well for his determination that at fifteen he should have gone alone to London to learn French and Italian. Before the youth was eighteen he associated with men of letters, and won more praise than at that period he merited. Any one who reads the "Pastorals" in our day, a feat which Mrs. Oliphant declares herself unable to accomplish, will marvel how it came to pass that these poems attracted the attention of men like Congreve and Lord Somers. Pope was appreciated from the first, and had not, like some poets, to struggle through a long period of neglect. Before he was twenty he had won the friendship of Wycherley; before he was twenty-four he was praised by Addison in the *Spectator*, and gained the friendship, which was not destined to be permanent, of that great literary leader. A year later, he was introduced to Swift, and through Swift to the most conspicuous statesmen of the age. This popularity had its drawbacks, for even ministers of state were accustomed in those days to frequent taverns and to drink hard. Pope tried this life for awhile, but it proved too much for him, as one of his earliest and best friends foretold. "I beg of you earnestly," writes Sir William Trumbull, "to get out of all tavern company, and fly away *tangam ex incendio*. What a misery is it for you to be destroyed by the foolish kindness (it is all one whether real or pretended) of those who are able to bear the poison of bad wine and to engage you in so unequal a combat!"

Pope's first friendship for

The fair-haired Martha and Teresa brown

dates about this period or a little earlier, and this friendship, to which we shall refer elsewhere, influenced his whole life. The poet's letters, Mr. Carruthers informs us, are still preserved at Mapledurham, and the mansion in which the young ladies welcomed their poetical adorer "continues in the most perfect state, with its fine avenue of elms and spacious lawn, and forms one of our best specimens of Elizabethan architecture unspoiled by innovation." It is only ten miles from Binfield, and Pope, who, notwithstanding his weakness, was a good horseman, would reckon little of the distance which separated him from his lady-loves. To both of them, until a quarrel, obscure to his biographers, parted him from Teresa, the

poet wrote with a gallantry that was tolerated and indeed expected in that age, but which sounds ridiculous in ours. That Pope ever had a genuine love affair seems unlikely, but he gained no doubt several female admirers, women who liked to chat with him, perhaps to flirt with him, as the first poet of the day, women who could forgive his satires against the sex in consideration of his preference for themselves.

To Sir William Trumbull, Pope was indebted for the suggestion that he should translate the *Iliad*. It was a grand achievement, if not a successful translation, and we may say of it, what Goldsmith wrote of his incomparable fiction: "There are a hundred faults in this thing, and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties; but it is needless." About the time that he commenced it Pope wrote: "I have the greatest proof in nature of the amusing power of poetry, for it takes me up so entirely that I scarcely see what is passing under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me." This passage may remind the reader of a similar remark in Cowper's letters when he was engaged upon the same work. "I am the busiest man," he wrote, "that ever lived sequestered as I do, and am never idle. My days accordingly roll away with a most tremendous rapidity."

The translation of the *Iliad* brought the poet fame and 5,000*l.* to boot. Soon after the publication of the first volume he removed with his parents to Chiswick, where his father died in 1717. A few months after this loss, which he deplored with sincere affection, the poet bought a small estate at Twickenham, which is as closely associated with Pope as Rydal Mount is with Wordsworth or Abbotsford with Scott. The serene happiness which the poet of the *Excursion* enjoyed, the hearty, wholesome out-door life led by Scott before his great trial came upon him, were altogether unknown to Pope. The breath of the mountains was a delight unfelt by him, and so also was the splendid physical health enjoyed by those two great poets of our century. He never lived under the eye of nature, but always under the eye of Grub Street critics and of rivals who envied his genius even more than they admired it. The record of Pope's life from 1718 to 1744, when he passed away from men, is a record of strong friendships on the one side, and bitter hatreds (how bitter let the *Dunciad* declare) upon the other. Moreover, it was during this period of high reputation that he indulged in many of those artifices which are the perplexity of his biographers.

Let us remember, however, when we blame Pope for degrading, as he sometimes does degrade, his great genius, how unfavourable to moral elevation was the age in which he lived, and that much which we deplore in him might be due to constitutional infirmity. Truly does M. Sainte-Beuve say: "*L'histoire naturelle de Pope est bien simple; les délicats, a-t-on dit, sont malheureux, et lui il était deux fois délicat, délicat d'esprit, délicat et infirme de corps; il était deux fois irritable.*"*

Pope, like Cowper, was little of a traveller. He was generous enough to propose joining his friend Bishop Atterbury in exile, and once also he talked of making a journey to Italy to meet Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, but he never left England, and his acquaintance with his own country was extremely limited. He frequently made short excursions, and at Bath his little figure was familiar to fashionable loungers; but he never saw a mountain, or took a coast voyage, and he knew nothing whatever of our finest scenery. The removal from Binfield to Chiswick was regarded as one of the grand eras of his life, and when, two years afterwards, he took the lease of a house and played the part of a landscape gardener on five acres at Twickenham, it probably caused him as much excitement as an Englishman of our day would feel upon leaving his native land for Canada or New Zealand. Of the villa he was proud, for he owed it to his poetry as Scott owed Abbotsford to the Waverley novels, and one cannot but regret that a house so closely associated with the genius of Pope does not still exist to enshrine his memory. Landscape-gardening was not studied in those days as it has been studied since, and much of the poet's work on his estate was of a meretricious kind which is happily rarely to be met with now.

He spent above 1,000*l.* on his grotto, and this is his description of it:

From the river Thames, you see thro' my arch
up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open
temple, wholly compos'd of shells in the rustic
manner; and from that distance under the temple
you look down thro' a sloping arcade of
trees, and see the sails on the river passing sud-

* Mr. John Forster takes an opposite view of the subject when he writes: "Genius often effects its highest gains in a balance of what the world counts for disadvantage and loss; and it has fairly been made matter of doubt if Pope's body had been less crooked whether his verses would have been so straight." Unfortunately for this argument, a crookedness of nature is not seldom visible in Pope's poetry; much that we lament in his life and writings was, probably, due to a miserable constitution, and he would have been a greater poet, had he been a healthier man.

denly and vanishing, as thro' a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto it becomes on the instant from a luminous room, a camera obscura; on the walls of which all objects of the river, hills, woods and boats are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations; and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene. It is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place.

Pope was evidently delighted with his achievement, which most men now-a-days will regard as utterly contemptible; and Mr. Carruthers publishes a correspondence in which the poet, not four years before his death, thanks Dr. Oliver of Bath and two of his friends for their contributions to his "plaything." The Doctor in his reply writes after this quaint fashion:

Sir, you make this month tedious by promising to see me in the next. I hope to meet you in a state of health likely to keep you many years above ground; but whenever the world is robbed of you where can you be better deposited than in your own grotto? for I know you have no ambition to be laid near kings, and lie where you will, your own works must be your everlasting monument.

Many pleasant glimpses are given us of the poet in connection with his small estate at Twickenham, and some which are not pleasant or favourable to his memory. Pope affected to live the life of a recluse; but his was the seclusion of a man of letters, able to gather round him all who were illustrious in the world of literature, and many of the aristocratic personages who ruled in the world of fashion. We forget the poet's bickerings and literary dishonesties when we see him at his villa in the society of warm admirers and friends. "Pope," said Warburton, after spending a week at Twickenham, "is as good a companion as a poet, and what is more, appears to be as good a man." At one time Swift paid him a visit of four months, and the two great satirists went in company to the little court of the Princess of Wales at Leicester House and at Richmond Hill. A brilliant scene must that court of the Opposition sometimes have presented when Gay and Swift, Arbuthnot and Pope chatted in the saloons or gossiped with Mary Bellenden, "soft and fair as down," and "youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell," in the gardens of the palace. Sometimes the pleasure of a lonely ramble with a beauty of the court charmed the poet's fancy if it

did not affect his heart. "Mrs. Lepell," he once wrote to Teresa Blount, "walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain all alone under the garden wall."

Bolingbroke was also a frequent guest at Twickenham, and Pope visited his lordship at Dawley, from whence he writes one day that they had nothing for dinner but mutton broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl. One night, we are told, and the anecdote is characteristic of the period, after the poet had been dining at Dawley, Lord Bolingbroke sent him home in a coach and six. "A small bridge about a mile from Pope's residence was broken down, and the postilion taking the water, the coach came in contact with the trunk of a tree and was overturned. Before the coachman could get to Pope's assistance, the water had reached the knots of his periwig. The glass was broken, and he was rescued, but not until he had received a severe wound in his right hand which for some time disqualified him for writing." Whereupon Voltaire, who was at Dawley, wrote to the poet in a strain which sounds ineffably absurd in modern ears, saying that the water was not Hippocrene's or it would have respected him, and adding, "Is it possible that those fingers which have written the 'Rape of the Lock' and the 'Criticism,' which have dressed Homer so becomingly in an English coat, should have been so barbarously treated?"

One of Pope's latest and sincerest friendships was with Spence, "a good-natured harmless little soul," according to Walpole, "but more like a silver penny than a genius." Pope visited the honest clergyman and anecdote-monger at Oxford, and the pleasant letter in which Spence describes the interview to his mother is worth recording. It was written in 1735, nine years before the death of the poet.

Monday last after dinner, according to the good sauntering custom that I use here every day, I was loitering at a coffee-house half asleep, and half reading something about Prince Eugene and the armies on the Rhine, when a ragged boy of an ostler came in to me with a little scrap of

* The Prince, afterwards George II., must have been occasionally at Twickenham, for Dr. Johnson records that Pope once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry. No doubt the talk on such a subject was stupid enough, if we may judge from the intellect of the speaker, and perhaps under the circumstances the poet's want of politeness may be forgiven. We wonder whether he ever nodded in his chair when Gay and Arbuthnot, Warburton and St. John were seated at his board?

paper not half an inch broad which contained the following words, "Mr. Pope would be very glad to see Mr. Spence at the Cross Inn just now." You may imagine how pleased I was; and that I hobbled thither as fast as my spindle-shanks would carry me. There I found him quite fatigued to death, with a thin face lengthened at least two inches beyond its usual appearance. He had been to take his last leave of Lord Peterborough; and came away in a chariot of his lordship's, that holds but one person for quick travelling. When he was got within about three miles of Oxford, coming down a hill in Bagley wood, he saw two gentlemen and a lady sitting in distress by the wayside. Near them lay a chaise overturned, and half broken to pieces; in the fall of which the poor lady had her arm broke. Mr. Pope had the goodness to stop and offer her his chariot to carry her to Oxford for help; and so walked the three miles in the very midst of a close sultry day, and came in dreadfully fatigued. An inn, though designed for a place of rest, is but ill-suited to a man that's really tired; so I prevailed on him to go to my room, where I got him a little dinner, and where he enjoyed himself for two or three hours.

Pope was on terms of familiarity with many persons of noble birth, but he knew his own value too well to be guilty of sycophancy. Sometimes, indeed, there are expressions in his letters which savour of this vice, as when he tells the Earl of Marchmont, shortly before his death, that he desires chiefly to live for his sake; but complimentary phrases such as these were current in polite society, and meant little. Mr. Carruthers repeats the story that Pope declined the honour of a visit from Queen Caroline, but adds to it this comment:

Had Pope been ambitious of courtly distinction, he could have had little difficulty in obtaining access to the queen, who was fond of being considered the patroness of learning and genius. He did not affect such honours, but he could never have refused a proffered visit from her Majesty; he would rather have exulted, dressed in his best suit of black velvet, his tie-wig, and small sword, to lead the gracious Caroline round his laurel circus, and through his grotto.

For the sake of friendship he declined another honour more acceptable to a man of letters than a visit from royalty. In 1741, Pope and Warburton visited Oxford together, and it was proposed to confer upon the poet the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and upon the divine the title of D.D. As far as concerns Warburton, "intrigue and envy," according to Bishop Hurd, defeated this scheme, and Pope resolved to suffer with his friend. "I will be doctored with you," he said, "or not at all." He died three years after this, on May 30, 1744,

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leaving the principal part of his property to Martha Blount for her life. There is a horrible story told in Dr. Johnson's biography, which is not only highly improbable, but appears to lack all evidence. "While he was yet capable of amusement and conversation, as he was one day sitting in the air with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Marchmont he saw his favourite Martha Blount at the bottom of the terrace, and asked Lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his errand, crossed his legs and sat still; but Lord Marchmont, who was younger and less captious, waited on the lady, who when he came to her asked, 'What, is he not dead yet?'"

The unlikelihood of this anecdote is obvious. If Martha had been cold-hearted enough to forget at the last the friendship of a lifetime, it is scarcely possible she would have given vent to her feelings before a friend of the poet, at the very moment too in which he was leading her towards him. Mr. Ward does not record this anecdote, and we may therefore conclude does not accept it as genuine. Only a month or two before, Pope had expressed for Martha Blount the most affectionate interest, and we would not willingly believe that his friendship received so ungrateful a return. Where Johnson heard the story we are not told, but it receives no corroboration from Spence, who quotes, as Mr. Carruthers observes, a remark of Warburton's that it "was very observable during Pope's last illness that Mrs. Blount's coming in gave a new turn of spirits or a temporary strength to him."

III.

THERE were three things dear to Pope upon this earth—his parents, his friends, and his fame; there was one thing he hated persistently with the whole force of his mind, namely, the criticism whose weakness opposed itself to his strength. We never find in him what we find in his great contemporary, Bishop Berkeley—a noble, self-denying enthusiasm; he had no special hatred of moral evil, but he was a thorough good hater of any one who ventured to question his sovereignty in the realm of letters. This was neither amiable nor wise, but the evil is softened down when we consider the age and the man. The backs of literature—and the town swarmed with them—indulged in the grossest personal attacks. Nobody was spared unless he were unfortunate enough to be obscure, or unless he had too strong an arm and too stout a cudgel to be insulted with impunity. Nothing was too sacred to be exempted

from attack. The figure, the features, the voice, the man's private habits were held up to laughter, and every one was considered fair game whose religion or politics was opposed to that of the libeller, or who had excited envy by literary success. A cripple, whose bodily weakness was so extreme that he required an attendant to dress him, who professed a faith that was proscribed by law, and who without a university education rose by dint of study and genius to be one of the most conspicuous men in England, was not likely to escape detraction. Pope, however, eager for the fray, was the first to throw down the glove. He rushed into the arena before he had received a challenge, and from the day when, as a young poet he provoked Dennis in the "Essay on Criticism," until the day — it was not very long before his death — that he published the latest edition of the *Dunciad*, he lived as a man to whom literary warfare was as the breath of life. The pen of Grub Street was not his only enemy. When he satirized Phillips — "namby-pamby Phillips" — in the *Guardian*, that worthy is said to have hung a rod up at Button's with which to castigate the poet-dwarf, and it is related that when Pope took his wonted walk at Twickenham he used to carry pistols and to take with him a large dog. How passing strange it seems to read such an advertisement as the following, written by the first poet of his age, and published in the *Daily Post*, June 14, 1728!

Whereas, there has been a scandalous paper cried aloud about the streets, under the title of "A Pop upon Pope," insinuating that I was whipped in Ham Walks on Thursday last: — This is to give notice, that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham on that day; and the same is a malicious and ill-founded report.

It is not likely that this public notice, extraordinary as it seems to us, startled newspaper readers in those days, for men who wrote too freely were frequently punished by this kind of Lynch law, and Defoe mentions several attempts that were made upon his person. Pope, feeble as he was in body, was free from the taint of cowardice, and laughed at the threats of his opponents just as he occasionally laughed at their attacks on paper. He could afford to do so always, but sometimes read them with bitterness. Men like Dennis, Theobald, and Cibber were not likely permanently to damage his reputation, but they often touched him to the quick, and he found it impossible to conceal what he felt. "These things are my diversion," he once exclaimed with a ghastly smile, but as he spoke he writhed in

agony like a man undergoing an operation. His more notable quarrels were with Addison and with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. In the first case, it is to be feared, he had only himself to blame; in the second, the provocation may have come from Lady Mary, but Pope had no right to resent what was at worst a lady's folly, and never showed himself less the man than when he assailed his former friend. Addison has, we think, been painted in too fair colours by his admirers, and especially by the latest and greatest, Lord Macauley. He is one of the most delightful of writers, but it is doubtful whether he was the most agreeable of men. He was sixteen years older than Pope, and had reached the summit of the mountain when the younger poet was still struggling at the base. There should have been no jealousy here, for the paths of the two men were diverse. Pope, on the one hand, was a man of letters, and nothing more. He owed everything to his pen; he was either a great poet, an inimitable satirist, or he sank at once into the common herd. The position of Addison was more assured. He was a statesman as well as an author, he had gained one of the highest posts in the state, he had won fame, wealth, and a countess (though that the lady were a gain may be questioned), and if Pope beat him in verse, and he did beat him incontestably, he could not approach his admirable prose, which remains perhaps unequalled to this day. Addison had his faults, but we do not believe that a rancorous jealousy was one of them. As much cannot be said of Pope, and it is sad to believe that the keenest satire he ever penned was written unworthily.

The famous Lady Mary controversy is more painful still, and the disgrace to Pope is deeper. There may have been severe provocation. The pretty, lively, witty woman had been flattered by Pope's attentions, or had amused herself with his strange gallantry. He wrote beautiful verses in her praise, and once, according to her own report, spoke words of love in her ear. The "woman of fashion," as Mrs. Oliphant calls her, burst into a fit of laughter, and the poet's love was turned to deadly hate. His unmanly satire of Lady Mary is, we think, the worst act of Pope's life, for the story that he took a bribe of 1,000*l.* from the Duchess of Marlborough to suppress the character of Ato sa is, to say the least, not proven, despite Mrs. Oliphant's assertion to the contrary. Lady Mary, grossly treated as she had been, retaliated after a gross fashion, in lines sneering at Pope's deformity. She even wrote to Lord Peterborough

to ask if the poet's disgusting couplet applied to her — a significant proof of the frank coarseness of the age. Had she remained silent the provocation would have been forgotten, and she would have commanded the sympathy of the world.

We have mentioned but two quarrels of the many which engaged Pope's thoughts and pen, and for our purpose these will suffice; but it is significant that not only was the poet quarrelling through the best portion of his life, but that his spirit seems to have animated several of the editors and authors who have attempted to vindicate or blacken his name. Warburton, who did a great deal of dirty work for Pope in his notes to the *Dunciad*, was continually slashing right and left at real or imaginary foes: he abused his friends, he maligned his enemies, he condescended to mean acts, such, unhappily, as he might have learnt from Pope, and he disgraced his name and his profession by a succession of ignoble quarrels. "I do not know," said Dr. Johnson to the king, who talked of the controversy between Warburton and Lowth, "which of them calls names best." No sooner was Pope dead than Bolingbroke, who had wept over his deathbed and was appointed his sole executor, began to traduce his memory, and what he could not decently say himself he paid Mallet to say for him. Between the philosopher and the bishop there raged, according to Disraeli, a mortal hatred, and without tracing all the literary quarrels that had their fountain-head at Twickenham, it will suffice to refer to the battle (we cannot use a milder word) at the beginning of this century between Bowles and Roscoe, in which Byron and Campbell took so prominent a part.

We do not think that Mrs. Oliphant is just to Pope; indeed we never knew any lady who wrote of him impartially. The reason is obvious. Pope's "false and scandalous charges against the sex," as Miss Mitford terms them, are enough to alienate all good women. He is the only English poet of mark who has not written of the better half of mankind with chivalry and homage. Some of our poets have sinned grievously as writers of licentious verse, but the worst of them have shown fealty to the purity and dignity of woman. Pope, although he had a mother whom he loved with tenderness, has done nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he has struck at women with his keenest weapons, has libelled them, sneered at them, raised the laugh against them, and displayed a capacity for insult that has never been surpassed. We should remember, however, that the age was one of

coarse vices and mean aims, and it may be questioned whether any of the Queen Anne men excepting Sir Richard Steele, whose compliment to Lady Elizabeth Hastings deserves to be immortal, ever paid to women the homage which they deserve. We should recollect, too, that in accordance with the spirit of the time were the "toasts" who ruled the town. Women of rank spoke, wrote, and even acted in a way of which any modest woman would now be ashamed, and it must be owned that the vices and follies of fashionable life afforded ample grounds for satire. We have but to read Lord Hervey's Memoirs, the letters of Lady Mary, and the correspondence of the Countess of Suffolk, to see the loose views with regard to the relation of the sexes which then prevailed; and while the exquisite rallery of Addison and Steele shows us how women appeared in society, Swift's letters to Stella, and Pope's letters to Teresa and Martha Blount, prove (that is, if Stella and the Blounts may be regarded as representative woman) that the delicacy which should guard such an intercourse was in those days unknown.

This is one of the marks which distinguish that century from our own; another pointed out by Mrs. Oliphant and by other writers may deserve a word of comment. Never before or since has the profession of literature offered such prizes to its votaries. Men who followed "the Muses" successfully were not only hailed as poets, but rewarded with the honours of statesmen and diplomatists. Poetry led to office with as much certainty as sheep-stealing led to Tyburn, and the man who could tag verses was accounted fit to enjoy the highest offices in the state. Addison, who could not make a speech, was secretary of state; Tickell, a pleasant poet, was under-secretary, and the same post had been held by Rowe; Prior was minister at Paris; Garth was knighted and appointed physician to George I.; Congreve was secretary for the island of Jamaica, and had a comfortable place in the customs; Yalden succeeded Atterbury as bishop of Rochester; Steele was a commissioner of the Stamp Office, a surveyor of the royal stables at Hampton Court, governor of the royal company of comedians, and a knight; Mallet was under-secretary to the Prince of Wales; Gay, who was offered the post of gentleman usher to the Princess Louisa, considered himself slighted by the proposal. There remain the two greatest men of letters of that time, Swift and Pope. The former ruled the ministers, made many fortunes for others, but could not make his own, for the queen disliked

him, and refused to promote a clergyman to high ecclesiastical honours who had written *A Tale of a Tub*. Pope's feeble health as well as his proscribed faith shut him out from the prizes bestowed on inferior men, but his poetry gained him a competence, and his company was courted by the highest personages in the land. That he was feared more than he was loved was not disagreeable to the poet who wrote the bold couplet:

Yes, I am proud, I must be proud, to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me.

Yet he had a few tried friends to whom he was constantly attached, and when we remember the fidelity to Pope, of men like Atterbury, Arbuthnot, and Swift, and the fact that he gave away in charity an eighth part of his income, we can accept, though with some reservation, the warm assertion of Bolingbroke, when the poet was dying, that he never knew a man in his life who had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind. "In all Savage's misfortunes," says Mr. Carruthers, "Pope evinced an active and unwearied sympathy," and as an instance of his tenderness we are reminded that when Swift wrote to Pope upon leaving England for what proved to be the last time, the poet on reading the farewell letter "wept like a girl." To this we may add that his conduct to Atterbury was noble, and that no son ever loved his parents more sincerely, or treated them with more filial care. What admirer of Pope does not remember the beautiful lines on his mother, who lived to a great age to enjoy the glory of her son? —

Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!

And who can doubt his genuine emotion in the few lines he wrote to Martha Blount upon the death of his father? — "My poor father died last night. Believe since I don't forget you this moment I never shall." We are glad, by the way, to see that neither Mrs. Oliphant nor Mr. Ward believes there is any truth in the aspersions of Bowles with regard to Pope's intimacy with Teresa Blount and afterwards with her sister. The Prebendary of Salisbury, with the best intentions in the world, has injured the poet's memory not by the discovery of new facts, but by insinuations with regard to those previously familiar. He continually hints a fault and throws out a suspicion, and has a

fatal facility of misinterpretation. "A friendly but indefinite connection," he says, "a strange mixture of passion, gallantry, licentiousness, and kindness had long taken place between himself and the Miss Blounts," a statement for which the sole foundation must be sought in the mind of the writer. "Scandal alone," says Mr. Ward, "(or hyperconscientious biography) has contrived to pervert the character of his (Pope's) relations towards the ladies of Mapledurham;" and Mrs. Oliphant writes with a fine and womanly appreciation of the position:

He was not a man whom it was possible to marry; a fact which, in itself, though not complimentary to the hero, was, as it continues to be, a wonderful recommendation to female friendship. It is indeed the only thing wanting to make that much disputed possibility — a true and warm friendship between man and woman without any mixture of love — into a real and pleasant fact. Fools will scoff no doubt, and critics of impure imaginations revile; but it must be a very lively fancy indeed which can suppose any closer bond between the little poet and these two beautiful sisters. . . . Martha Blount made up to Pope for the sister whom he had not, for the wife whom he could not have, and yet was unlike both wife and sister. The link is one so fine, so delicate, so natural, that it is next to impossible to define it; and all the more so as vanity on both sides so seldom permits any realization of this touching and consolatory bond.

Again she writes, and the beauty of the passage tempts us to quote it:

There is something in this long faithfulness of a life to a tie which was enforced by no bonds either of law or custom, which in itself has a certain nobleness. It is supposed that Mrs. Martha fell into evil repute with some strait-laced people in consequence of this close friendship; but it is one of the cases in which evil thinking must have been driven to the last strait to compound its fables. If anybody might have been allowed the solace of a sympathetic woman's friendship, it surely should have been the deformed and invalid Pope.

And here it may be observed in passing that scarcely one of the poet's associates knew anything of the charms of domestic life. Swift succeeded in making two women hopelessly miserable, and himself also; Steele loved his "dearest Prue" as much as she would let him, but the lady's exactions and the husband's failings forbade all harmony; Gay, one of Pope's best friends, was a bachelor; so also were Spence, Thomson, and the most illustrious of his poetical successors, Thomas Gray; Addison married for position, and had his reward; Lady Mary married without affection, and had hers also,

to wit, separation from her husband and two and twenty years of banishment from England; Wycherley lived a dissolute life, and married to ease his conscience when life was despaired of; Bolingbroke was an utter profligate, and destroyed the happiness of a good wife by his unblushing licentiousness; but Warburton, who owed to Pope his wife and his bishopric, appears to have been happy in both possessions.

It would be curious to collect some of the contradictory opinions with regard to Pope, asserted frequently as if they bore the authority of facts. He has been called the most modest and laborious of all our poets, and he has been called the most lazy. The *Quarterly* gives him credit for an intense eagerness after knowledge; Mr. De Quincy dwells upon his luxurious indolence, and intimates that reading so desultory as his cannot be called study; Mrs. Oliphant, again, considers — and she is quite safe in making the observation — that we cannot tell whether he would have made a greater poet if he had tossed his books aside, renounced his "unintermitting study," and lived more under the eye of nature. That he did study at Binfield, as Milton studied at Horton, is, we think, evident from the prescription of Dr. Radcliffe, that the young man was to study less, and ride on horseback every day. His time, says Dr. Johnson, was wholly spent in reading and writing, and he observes that he improved the benefits of nature by incessant and unwearied diligence. Again he adds in a genuine bit of Johnsonese:

He was one of the few whose labour is their pleasure; he was never elevated to negligence, nor wearied to impatience; he never passed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by despair. He laboured his works, first to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it.

We may add that, considering what Pope accomplished in a life which was one "long disease," it is impossible to doubt that he possessed the power of work, as well as the creative faculty. In truth, a man of real genius who is also incapable of steady application is comparatively a rare phenomenon.

IV.

ONE of Pope's innumerable panegyrists has the folly to term him a "sacred bard." He could not have hit upon a less appropriate designation.

It is possible to admire Pope keenly, but he is not the man to claim our veneration, and nothing he has done entitles him to rank among the divine poets who have brought heaven nearer to earth.

There are a few sublime passages in Pope, but he is not a sublime poet; a few religious passages, but he is not a religious poet; and his high reputation is due to his inimitable work as the poet of satire and society. No man ever had his genius more entirely under control; no man ever used his powers with more consummate ability, no poet ever discerned more clearly the limitation of his art. We may frankly acknowledge that his excellence is supreme of its kind. His biographers are many, his commentators abound, and learned labour is devoted to obscure passages; to edit Pope well is to earn a literary reputation, and many a small poetaster has gained a temporary fame by catching the twang of his verse and the monotonous harmony of his periods.

Pope's poetry never excites within us a tempest of enthusiasm. It calls forth admiration, not passion; a vivid interest, but not a profound delight. With the exception of some of the very early pieces, everything he has done is of its kind excellent. In his poems, we have the finest wit, the keenest irony, the most brilliant satire. He stabs a reputation or confers one with a word. To be praised by Pope, as Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, and Bethel are praised, is to gain a literary immortality; to be laughed at by him is to be laughed at by the world for evermore.

In intellectual force he was probably inferior to John Dryden; but Pope has what Dryden had not — an exquisitely delicate fancy, a perfect sense of fitness and proportion, and that charming felicity of language which marks the skill of a consummate artist. Leigh Hunt complains somewhere that Pope's versification is a veritable see-saw, and there is a certain reasonableness in his complaint. Take a single instance of this here-we-go-up and here-we-go-down style:

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout,
Alone, in company, in place, or out,
Early at business and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball,
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Such lines remind us of a couplet in Pope's satire of Lord Hervey, which it is possible Hunt may have had in his mind in making the assertion to which we have just alluded.

His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss.

Yet this is true only of Pope at his worst, and is true but rarely. The greatness of

Pope is seen in his immeasurable superiority to all his imitators, and they are legion; his inferiority is manifest when brought into competition with great imaginative poets like Keats or Shelley or Wordsworth. These men moved altogether in another sphere. They were interpreters of nature, and of nature Pope knew even less than they knew of society. There is no clash between poets of such different orders, for there is no point of contact; and it speaks little for a reader's sympathy or intellectual grasp if he cannot enter into the spiritual beauty of Wordsworth, the luxurious imagination of Keats, the perfect music of Shelley, and yet enjoy at the same time with keenest relish such poems as the *Moral Essays* or the *Rape of the Lock*. Indeed, whether it be from indolence of mind, or from some other less obvious cause, it is certain that high art is not always that which affords us the highest pleasure. In certain moods (they are perhaps the most frequent) we prefer Hogarth to Raffael and Goldsmith to Milton, we like a farce better than a tragedy, and a domestic tale than a great historical romance.

It is possible that the even mediocrity of Pope may have enhanced his reputation. He never rises above the apprehension of his readers; his imagination never soars into a region too lofty for their wings to follow him. This, indeed, is a characteristic of the Queen Anne men. We see it in Addison and Swift and Steele; we see it strikingly in Defoe; we see it in the theological and political writings of the period. In an age in which Pope was the most perfect artist, in which he and Addison and Swift ruled in the domain of letters, in which theologians found their spokesman in Atterbury and polemicists in Sacheverell, the splendid heroes of an earlier and greater century would have found no resting-place. Milton, fierce disputant though he was, would have scorned the peddling animosities and petty jealousies which occupied the Twickenham poet; Atterbury's courtly genius, of the earth earthy, would have had no attractions for Jeremy Taylor, the Chrysostom of English divines.

We are accustomed to call Pope the poet of artificial life, and the remark is not to be gainsayed. If there had been no cities there would have been no Pope. He sings of men and women, not of nature; or when he does make an attempt, as in his *Windsor Forest*, to describe natural objects, his heart is not in the work. That poem is full of the conventional phraseology now happily rejected by poets. Take a single and brief specimen:—

Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his towering
height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand.

These lines will suffice for a sample of a poem in which, besides Ceres, Pomona, and Pan, we find allusions to Diana, Jove, Phœbus, and other personages, whose connection with Windsor it is difficult to surmise. This, however, was the vice of the period, and a vice that outlasted it, witness the odes of Gray, and we mention it only to show that Pope was incompetent to describe the natural beauty which all of us may behold, or that beauty more wondrous still which great poets such as Spencer and Wordsworth see with the eye of faith.

When Pope had attained the summit of his fame, a Scotchman came to London with scarce a penny in his pocket, but with strong hope in his heart. He had not money enough to buy himself a pair of boots, but he had written a poem called *Winter*, and this poem was not only destined to make the poet's fortune, but to effect a revolution in English poetry. We are apt to forget how much we owe to Thomson, whose landscape, as Mr. Palgrave has well observed, seems conventional to us, "although it startled his contemporaries like a heresy." He led our poets back to the nature which they had long deserted, and in spite of his affectation may be regarded as the poetic ancestor of Cowper. Thomson, who flourished on his genius, and became "more fat than bard besems," was a near neighbour of the Twickenham poet; and Thomson's hairdresser relates that when Pope called on his brother bard he usually wore a light coloured great coat, which he kept on in the house. "He was" (we quote the barber's opinion) "a strange, ill-formed little figure of a man, but I have heard him and Quin and Patterson talk so together at Thomson's that I could have listened to them forever." One of the most interesting points in connection with the intimacy that existed between Pope and Thomson is the fact that the elder poet revised the *Seasons*, and that his alterations were adopted by the author. In this instance alone did Pope try his hand at blank verse, and certainly, in the passage quoted by Mr. Carruthers, in which Lavinia is compared to a myrtle blooming in the hollow breast of the mountains, "beneath the shelter of encircling hills," Pope has not only produced a beautiful simile, but has proved that he

might have been occasionally successful in blank verse. We say occasionally, for Pope's poetical instrument was as indubitably the heroic couplet as Paganini's musical instrument was the fiddle. "On the whole," says Mr. Pattison, "the rhythm of the heroic couplet, as settled by Pope, must ever remain the classical model of English versification. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the reaction against the poetry of good sense set in, it was not thought enough to depart from the style of Pope unless his metre was rejected also. The return to nature in the poetical revolution, was attempted by throwing off law. The aspiration to reach a 'higher melody' by means of lawless rhythms has led us back to the barbarous versification of the seventeenth century, and much is written as poetry which can only deserve to be so called because it is not prose." To this we may add, that no poet of these later days who has appeared before the world as a revolutionist in metre has permanently won the ear of the public.

Pope, it may be worth observing, is one of the few great English poets, three or four at most, who never produced a sonnet; and he shows little if any trace of lyrical power. Again, he has written none of the verses which children love, nor any lines which grown-up people care to croon over in moments of weakness or sorrow. In his works the wit o'er tops the poetry, the intellect gets the better of the heart, and thus he wins admiration from his readers rather than affection. It is this deficiency which sometimes prevents men of imaginative power and large culture from appreciating Pope at all. Thus, Southey told Rogers that he had read Spenser through about thirty times, and that he could not read Pope through once. On the other hand, some minds of a very high order, but more remarkable for breadth of intellect than for emotional susceptibilities, have found the fullest satisfaction in the poetry of Pope, and we are reminded by Mr. Pattison that he was the favourite poet of Immanuel Kant.

J. D.

Nature reports the discovery at Hauteville-sur-Mer, France, near to a rock called Maulieu, of a bed of vegetable mould, in which repose trunks of trees, still holding by their roots, along with a layer of turf. At high tide this bed is covered to the depth of about twelve inches. The oak alone has preserved its hardness, the other woods having become quite soft, but still preserving their colour and even their bark. It is believed that the immersion occurred about the eighth century.

Pal Mall Gazette.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE DISTURBANCES IN ITALY.

THE recent outbreaks in so many different parts of Italy betoken a very uneasy state of things in that country. More, indeed, have taken place than have found their way into Reuter's telegrams, which, with an occasional extract from some Ministerial organ, form the sole source of information to most English readers. Besides the movements in the garrison towns of the north, which were chiefly serious as showing the defection of part of the army, there was some weeks ago a not inconsiderable rising at Massa Carrara, in which the Carabineers on the spot were overpowered, and were only rescued by reinforcements summoned by telegraph. Discoveries of arms and ammunition are said to have been made by the police both in Milan and Florence, and in the former town the muskets of the national guards have been removed from the charge of the municipality to that of the royal forces. The outbreak of the students in the University of Florence, which the telegraph has reported, was preceded by one among the students at Naples, in which cries of Republican character were loud. In the Calabrian provinces the risings have been serious, no less than a thousand men having been reported as in arms, and every available soldier has been despatched from Naples to the scene. On the borders of the Tuscan Maremma also there is a band on foot, which Signor Lanza described in the Chamber as of small size, but which has been joined by a number of the coastguard officers, and at Leghorn there have been a large number of preventive arrests effected. These movements are all avowedly Republican, yet we do not think they form part of a general scheme of rising, for they are isolated and consecutive rather than combined, and they have not been supported as yet by any sign from Lombardy, where Republicanism is at once strongest, most determined, and probably best organized. More likely they are only the outbursts of local impatience, an explanation which is helped by the fact that they are stated to be generally set on foot by bands of young men, who suddenly take the field, and on the failure of the first blow seem to sink out of sight among the population of the neighbourhood.

But it is an exceedingly ugly symptom when, even conceding there is no organization, armed revolt bursts out sporadically over the whole country, from Parma to Palermo, and when the North seems to be quietly biding its time till the moment for a decisive movement arrives. That the young

peasants in the fields, the young artizans in the cities, the young students in the universities, without concert or connection, seem ready to take arms into their hands for the purpose of proclaiming the Republic, certainly betokens anything but stability of affection for existing institutions. Yet those of our readers who have followed the remarks we have from time to time made on the misgovernment of the country will be little surprised that the impatience should take even so extreme a form. A prodigious land tax, an income tax of 12 per cent., and a weighty octroi on every article of food and drink, and a flour tax which seems to take even the bread out of the mouth, are sources of discontent which it may be conceded would make even an Englishman rebel. A correspondent who has lived in Italy has lately indeed reproved us for referring to these fiscal burdens, which, he argues, are essential to the formation of a new kingdom, and which, he tells us, are only urged by the "codini," or the friends of the banished Sovereigns, as a ground for present dissatisfaction. But it is the misfortune of Italy that the acts of the Government are such as to unite both the reactionary and the progressive party in opposition. The former, indeed, is gradually dying out, and even in Naples the Bourbonists make no way. But the ground they lose is more than won by the Republicans, and for this the folly of the governing classes is answerable. Even the enormous taxation would be endured in the name of a united Italy, if the results of the union were visible in the shape of real independence and liberty. But the people see the successive Ministries abjectly servile to France, and they naturally grudge an expenditure on military purposes which furnishes no results. The course of justice is oppressive, centralization destroys local energy, the national repre-

sentation is a farce, arbitrary police interference prevents every legitimate agitation for improvement in the institutions, and there is a wide-spread conviction that from the highest quarters of Government to the lowest, corruption is universal. These mischiefs are attributed to the influence of a party called the "consorteria," to whose acts, much more than to the instigation of the "codini," the evil situation of Italy is due. The "consorteria" is composed of such of the supporters of the old régime as have externally accepted the new order of things, of those so-called Liberals who had the astuteness to perceive that liberalism was the winning card of the Court favourites, and of the rich local magnates. They are supported by a few men of real liberalism but of somewhat advanced age, who scarcely keep pace with the new needs of the country, and by a not inconsiderable number of public men whose nominal liberalism has really been based on a hope of their own advancement. This party has the majority in the Chambers; it divides the good things among its own adherents; it resists every reform which would diminish their value or endanger its own pre-eminence; it misleads the King and misgoverns the State. To this party it is then that Republicanism owes its present growth, and Italy the present and impending troubles. Five years ago Republicanism was a sentiment, and even its chiefs offered loyal acceptance of the monarchy if the monarchy would only frankly accept the support and fairly recognize the rights of the people. The bargain was refused; the monarchy has leaned on a faction, and the faction has betrayed it to serve its own ends. It is against this system that Italy is now protesting by revolt, and the revolt will be universal if its causes are not seen and remedied.

